

SCREENLAND

May

5¢

Lana Turner



LANA TURNER'S UNTOLD STORY! • GLAMOROUS COLOR PORTRAITS!
HOW MRS. ALAN LADD IS FACING THE FUTURE
BARBARA STANWYCK IN "LADY OF BURLESQUE" FICTIONIZED

PERMANENT WAVE

Complete
Home Kit

59¢



June Lang Glamorous movie star praises Charm-Kurl. This actual photograph shows her gorgeous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave. Why not give yourself a lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave at home?



Ann Gillis Hollywood's cute "teen-aged" starlet shown with her stunning Charm-Kurl Permanent. Mothers why not beautify your daughter's hair with a Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.



Tina Thayer Mickey Rooney's lovable new screen star sweetheart in M. G. M.'s "A Yank at Eton" is pictured above with her lustrous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.



Lillian Elliott One of the screen's loveliest mothers is thrilled with her Charm-Kurl. Monogram features her in "Road to Happiness." A Charm-Kurl Permanent enhances the attractiveness of older women.



Fay McKenzie The star of Republic's "Remember Pearl Harbor" is delighted with her lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave as shown in the above photograph.

So Easy Even a Child Can Do It

Charm-Kurl is easy and safe to use; no experience required; contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia; requires no machines or dryers, heat or electricity. Desirable for both women and children.

USERS PRAISE IT

Here are excerpts from a few of many letters of praise received from Charm-Kurl users:

"I am so proud of the Charm-Kurl Permanent I gave my 2 little girls. It's soft, natural." Mrs. W. P. Van Deusen, Minn.



Gives Natural Wave

"I've been a user of Charm-Kurl for some time and I like it very much. It gives me a nice, natural wave." Mrs. B. Maina, Ill.

Lasted 9 Months

"I have used Charm-Kurl before and it is really wonderful. My last Charm-Kurl permanent lasted nine months and my hair is still very curly. I wouldn't change a Charm-Kurl permanent for a \$10 permanent."

Miss Ruth Henry, Ohio.

Makes Hair Look Natural Curly

"I would ten times rather have a Charm-Kurl permanent because it makes your hair look like natural curly, and soft."

Carolyn Fleet, Penn.

Permanent Far Above Expectations

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Mrs. W. E. Williams, Maryland.

Delighted with Results

"I am more than delighted with the results of my Charm-Kurl. It's soft and fluffy, and it was the most "painless" permanent I ever had." Mrs. W. J. Stites, Utah.

Prettiest Permanent I Ever Had

"I was delighted with my Charm-Kurl permanent. It left my hair soft and lovely and gave me the prettiest permanent I ever had regardless of cost."

Miss Betty Moulthrop, Wash.

Each Kit Contains 40 Curlers Shampoo and Wave Set also included

There is nothing else to buy. Shampoo and the wave set are included in each Charm-Kurl Kit. With Charm-Kurl it is easy to give yourself a thrilling, machineless permanent wave in the privacy of your own home that should last as long as any professional permanent wave. You do not have to have any experience in waving hair. Just follow the simple instructions.

MAKE THIS NO-RISK TEST

Prove to yourself as thousands of others have done, without risking one penny, that you, too, can give yourself a thrilling permanent at home the Charm-Kurl way. Just follow the simple, easy directions and after your permanent wave is in, let your mirror and your friends be the judge. If you do not honestly feel that your CHARM-KURL Permanent is the equal of any permanent you may have paid up to \$5.00 for, you get your money back.

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SEND NO MONEY

Just fill in Coupon below. Don't send a penny. Your complete Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kit will be rushed to you. On arrival deposit 59c plus postage (or \$1.00 plus postage for two kits) with your postman with the understanding if you are not thrilled and delighted with results, your money will be cheerfully refunded on request. We pay postage if remittance is enclosed with order. You have nothing to risk and a beautiful permanent to gain, so take advantage of this special offer.

CHARM-KURL CO.

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Mail This NO-RISK TEST Coupon Today

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2459 UNIVERSITY AVE., ST. PAUL, MINN.

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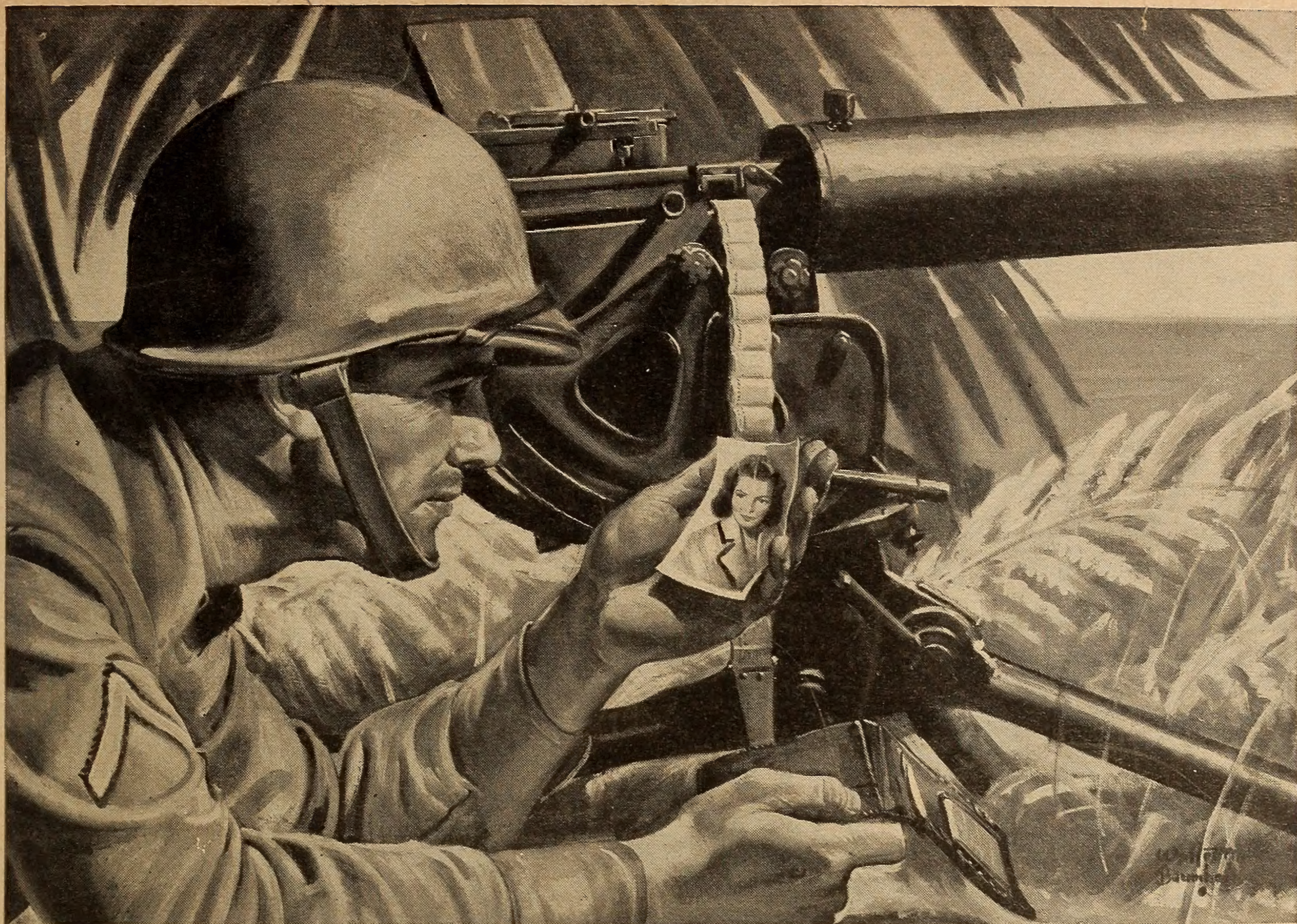
If you desire 2 kits sent C. O. D. ☐
for \$1.00 plus postage, check here

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Canadian orders must be accompanied by an International Money Order



The Man you're going to Marry is asking your Help...right now!

HELP HIM? Of course you're going to help him! After you're married—didn't you always say you'd give half your salary towards that house you planned together—those curtains and flowered rugs?

Of course you did! But you can't wait 'til you're married to start. The time to help him is now—right now!

How are you going to do it?—

You're going to make sacrifices—real ones—aren't you? You're going to give up many things you've dreamed of—that coat with the big fur collar—that cute little bell hat!

And with the money you save—you're going to buy *U. S. War Bonds*! Your bonds will help your sweetheart!

They'll help to put a machine gun in his hands—a gas mask in his pack.

They'll supply him with cool water when he's thirsty—with blankets when he's cold—with three solid meals every day.

They'll build the ships that will carry our marines to Tokyo and Yokohama—the tanks that will carry our flag to Berlin and Munich and Budapest.

And when the war is over and the vows are taken, those self-same bonds can be the first deposit in your joint account at the bank! So start buying them today. Invest in the safest corporation in the world—your United States of America!

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- 4** You may turn them in for redemption at any time after 60 days. The longer you hold them, the more they're worth.
- 5** They are never worth less than the money you invested in them. They can't go down in value. That's a promise from the financially-strongest institution in the world: The United States of America!

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Published in cooperation with the Drug, Cosmetic and Allied Industries by:

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Dangerous Curves Ahead!

Lana
TURNER

"Cinderella came out from behind her soda counter! She'll look adorable in satins and sables!"

Robert
YOUNG

Slightly
DANGEROUS

WITH

WALTER BRENNAN

DAME MAY WHITTY · EUGENE PALLETTE · ALAN MOWBRAY

OF COURSE — IT'S
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



Screen Play by Charles Lederer and George Oppenheimer
Based Upon a Story by Ian McLellan Hunter and Aileen Hamilton
Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES · Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN

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Natural Color Cover Portrait of LANA TURNER,
star of M-G-M's "Slightly Dangerous"

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR



Published in
this space
every month

The greatest
star of the
screen!

Playing at the Astor Theatre, the motion picture showcase of Broadway, is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film that—even as we go to press—is shaking the grapes on the vine with tremendous excitement.

It has a big title—"The Human Comedy"—and it is a big picture.

No—it isn't a "Gone With The Wind". It's physically smaller but humanly larger. It isn't about who kissed who or who stole the papers.

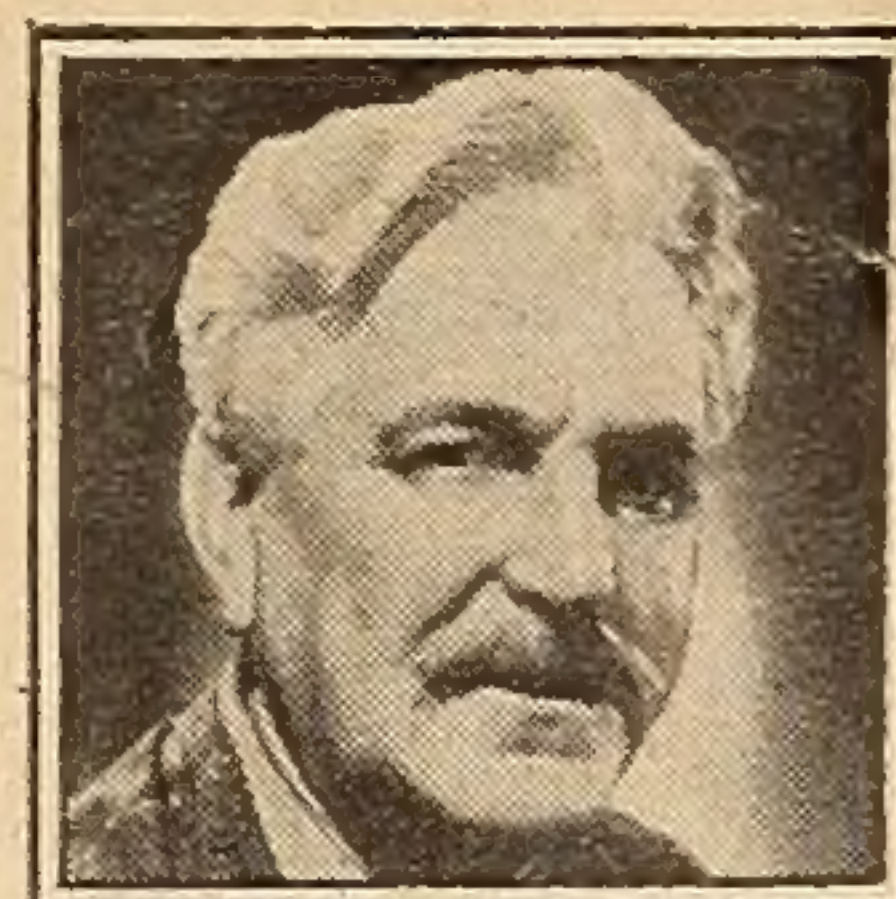
It's about people—real people—human people—American people—all people.

Involved are adventure, romance, feeling, beauty, decency, understanding and all the words like that in the thesaurus.

This leads us to that curious phenomenon of the arts—William Saroyan who wrote "The Human Comedy"

He is the man who baffled and entertained Broadway with such unusual plays as "My Heart's in the Highlands", "The Beautiful People" and "The Time of Your Life". "The Human Comedy" is better than all his plays, better than all the Saroyan stories.

Clarence Brown produced and directed the film with loving care. He says that the picture is inherently his best. Clarence doesn't boast. He meant that the picture's content inspired him.



Mickey Rooney gives an artist's performance as Homer Macauley, the messenger boy. Frank Morgan as Willie Grogan, the telegraph operator, is perfection itself.

One could tell about the entire cast; tell about every single episode in the film. It's that interesting and true.

May we suggest that you write this column a letter after you've seen the film. We hope it is playing in your town today so that we'll hear from you soon.

Someone once criticized the films for not giving the true picture of the best side of American life. We'd like to hear from that chap after he sees "The Human Comedy".

We laughed—we cried—we cheered.

Even a lion is human.



NEW KNOWLEDGE



TO MAKE YOU A HAPPIER WOMAN!

Improved, new
feminine hygiene way gives
**CONTINUOUS ACTION
FOR HOURS!**

● How much happier, the woman who knows the truth about this problem! For your very health may depend on up-to-date facts about modern feminine hygiene!

You may think you do know—but many women, who think that, still make the mistake of relying on weak, ineffective home-made mixtures. Or worse, they risk using over-strong solutions of acids, which can easily burn and injure delicate tissues.

Today, well-informed women everywhere rely on Zonitors, the new safe convenient feminine hygiene way!

Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories! Non-greasy. They spread a protective coating and kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize, by actually *destroying* odor, instead of temporarily "masking" it. Give continuous action for hours!

Powerful, yet so safe for delicate tissues! Non-poisonous, non-burning. Zonitors help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists . . .

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Address.....

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Zonitors
~ SO CONVENIENT



from Holly- wood



Above, Marlene Dietrich and her grown daughter, Maria, broadcasting on the Lockheed program—their first public appearance together. Left, Walter Huston, Nan Sunderland (Mrs. Huston), and Bette Davis at a rehearsal for one of the Screen Guild's radio programs.

Jean
Duval
Photos

LANA TURNER'S "collapse" after her brief reunion with her "ex," was fortunately short-lived. Lana recovered quickly enough to have a quiet dinner with her agent just three days after the newspapers headlined the newest episode.

WHEN Anne Gwynne announced her engagement to Capt. E. B. Sales of her home state (and we do mean Texas) everyone thought Tom Keene would carry a mean torch. Instead, he got himself a job in a play called "The Barber Had Two Sons." It had a short run in New York, but played long enough for Hollywood producers to learn they were missing a terrific bet in Tom. He's on his way back to work at 20th Century-Fox.

A SOLDIER walked up to Olivia de Havilland, who was dining alone in the Brown Derby. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but are your eyes bothering you, Miss de Havilland?" "No, why?" asked Olivia in surprised tones. "They *are* bothering me," answered the soldier, as he staggered away.

WHILE traveling around the country doing his broadcasts, Jack Benny has been quietly collecting three-alarm neckties for director Mervyn LeRoy. Not that Mervyn asked him to. It's a rib on Jack's part, because Mervyn's neckwear shouldn't happen to a Technicolor camera! Whenever Jack sees Mervyn wearing a new number, he cracks, "Ah, the tie that blinds."

(Please turn to page 9)

"I HAVE A HUNCH I'VE STARTED SOMETHING"

says

Hunt Stromberg

THE first few pages of Gypsy Rose Lee's "THE G STRING MURDERS" convinced me that here was something new in screen material. The farther I read, the more excited I became. The story had pace, excitement, and a robust humor. Above all, it had colorful characters that were made to live on the screen. The burlesque background was different, intriguing, and lustily alive.

Wait till you hear her sing "Take it off the E-string, play it on the G-string".



Newcomer to watch
MICHAEL O'SHEA
as the Burlesque
Comedian

SO I've made the picture and you'll be seeing it soon under the title "LADY OF BURLESQUE".

THE mystery murder plot has something of the quality that made Nick and Nora Charles your favorite people in "The Thin Man." When I produced that picture I had a hunch you'd want more "Thin Man" pictures—and you did. And now when you see Barbara Stanwyck as Dixie Daisy I think you'll want more of the same. Also there's a newcomer named Michael O'Shea who looks like a find to me. As a matter of fact, there are three or four who'll bear watching.

OF course every producer gets enthusiastic about his latest picture—but please take my word for it—"I have a hunch I've started something".



MURDERER'S ROW?



HUNT STROMBERG presents

BARBARA STANWYCK

in

*Lady OF
BURLESQUE*

with **MICHAEL O'SHEA** and

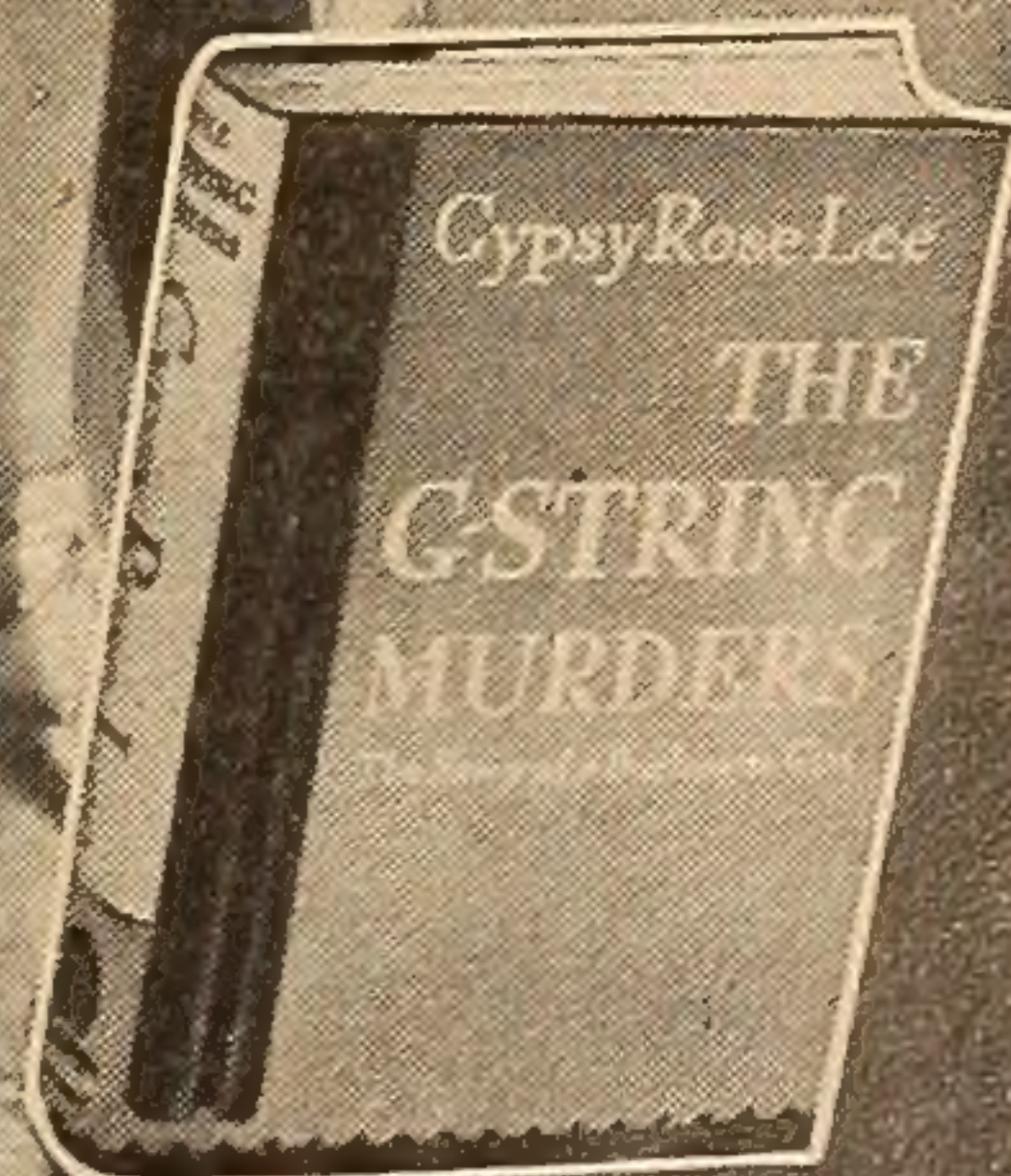
J. EDWARD BROMBERG • CHARLES DINGLE • FRANK CONROY
GLORIA DICKSON • MARION MARTIN • IRIS ADRIAN • VICTORIA FAUST
PINKY LEE • FRANK FENTON • JANIS CARTER • EDDIE GORDON

Directed by **WILLIAM A. WELLMAN**

A HUNT STROMBERG PRODUCTION • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS



THEY'RE COMING SOON TO
YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!



TIME MAGAZINE RAVES ABOUT
GYPSY ROSE LEE'S BOOK:

"...lucid, witty...rich show business vocabulary and stage door gags...builds up to a hair-raising climax."

MUSIC...MYSTERY...MURDER!



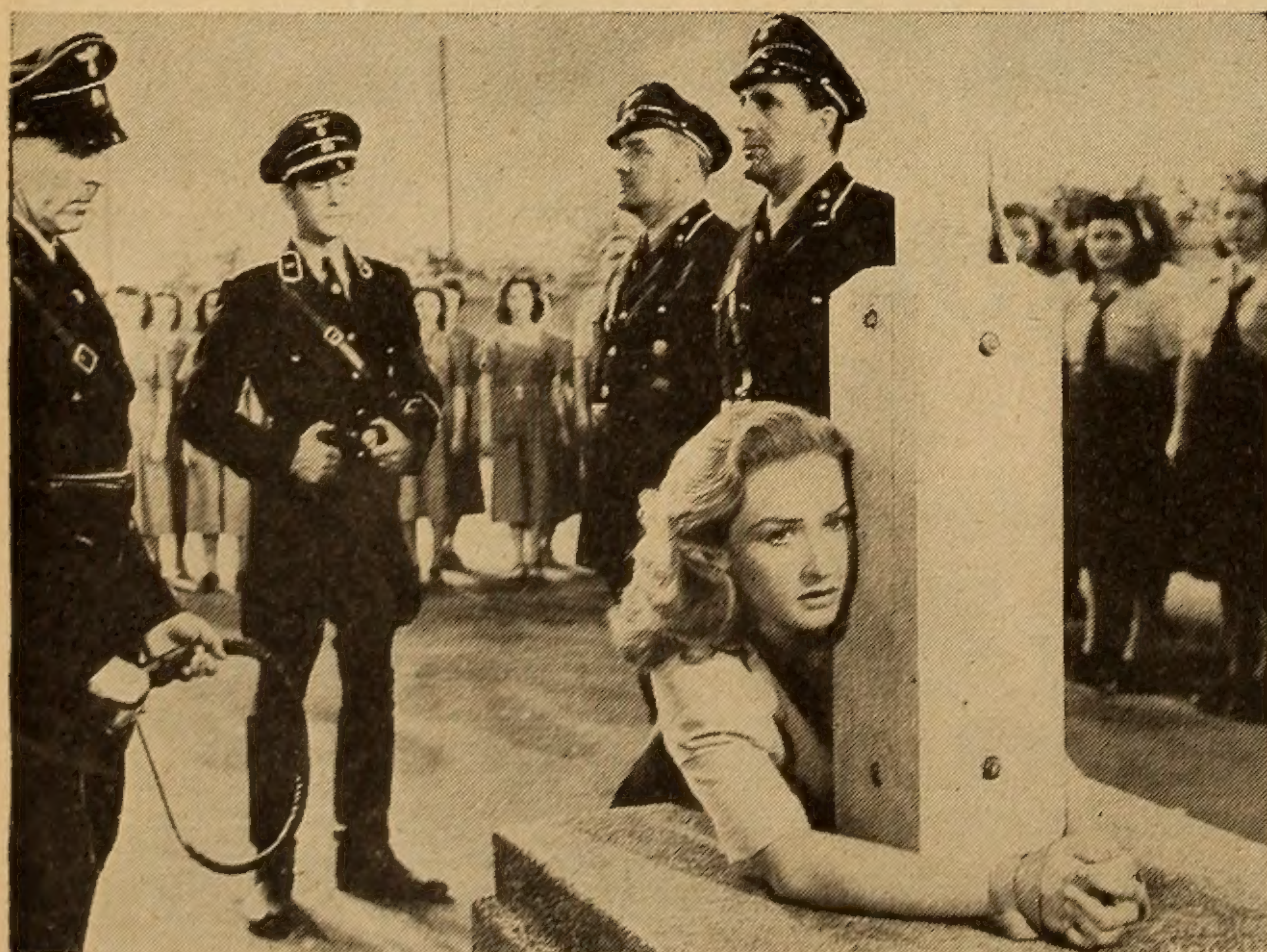
"Hitler's Children" is the screen's most powerful indictment of Nazi terrorism, with Bonita Granville giving a fine performance as the right-minded American-born German girl who is crucified for her principles



RKO-Radio's sensational screen version of Gregor Ziemer's book, "Education for Death," presents Bonita Granville in her strongest rôle to date, opposite Tim Holt who plays the handsome storm-trooper who loves her.

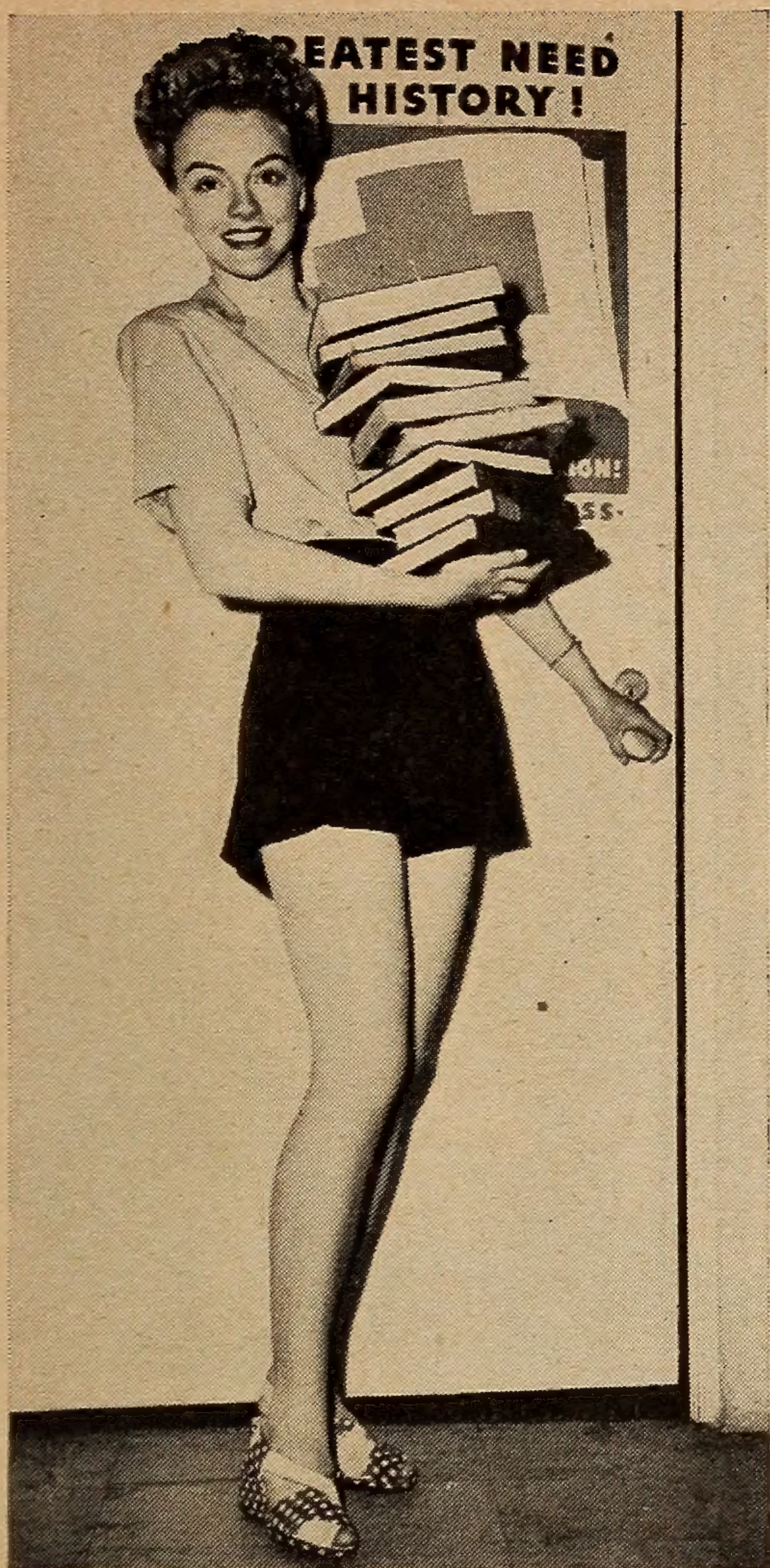


Screenland Honor Page



Scene at left shows Anna, enacted by Bonita Granville, about to be flogged while her lover, Karl (Tim Holt) looks on. Karl intervenes after first stroke of the lash, though he realizes his action constitutes a crime according to Nazi ideology. At right, Karl finally turns against the Nazi code of barbarism and sacrifices his life for freedom, even as Anna is also slain by storm-troopers.





The end of the Victory Book Campaign on March 5 does not mean that the effort to get books for the armed forces is at an end. Leslie Brooks, Columbia starlet, urges movie fans to bring their books to local public libraries, as she is doing, above, where books are collected for servicemen, all year round.

Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 6

WHILE broadcasting from the various Army camps in the east, Bob Hope attended a banquet. More than were invited were present, which made the shortage of food most conspicuous. "Wouldn't it be nice," sighed Hope wistfully, "if Kate Smith was a turkey!"

JOHN WAYNE was in the middle of a picture when his kiddies were taken sick with the measles and chicken pox. Hotel rooms are scarcer than juveniles in Hollywood, these days. So John, not wanting to expose members of his company, moved into a hospital for a few days. Result? He got the flu and had to remain there.

CONSIDER the plight of George Murphy. On his Oregon ranch he is raising hogs, eventually to be turned over for government slaughtering. In Hollywood, George who would rather eat bacon and eggs than caviar, can't purchase a sliver of bacon for love nor money!

BECAUSE Brenda Marshall is still with Bill Holden in Texas (where he has been transferred) Weston East couldn't check this rumor. A close friend of Brenda's and Bill's confides that one of these days in the near future, they will have an announcement to make. The stork? What else? Nothing would make them happier.

*The Name
of their Love
was Mary Ann!*

HOW THEY LOVED HER
AND HOW PROUD OF
THEIR LOVE THEY WERE
—THE NINE MEN OF
THE FLYING FORTRESS
CALLED 'MARY ANN'...



"As whopping a story
as ever you're likely
to see!"

—NEW YORK TIMES

Presented by
**WARNER
BROS.**

in the
entertainment
standard of
"Yankee Doodle
Dandy" and
"Casablanca"

AIR FORCE

"WILL BE ONE OF THE YEAR'S TEN BEST!"

LIFE MAGAZINE

JACK L. WARNER Executive Producer

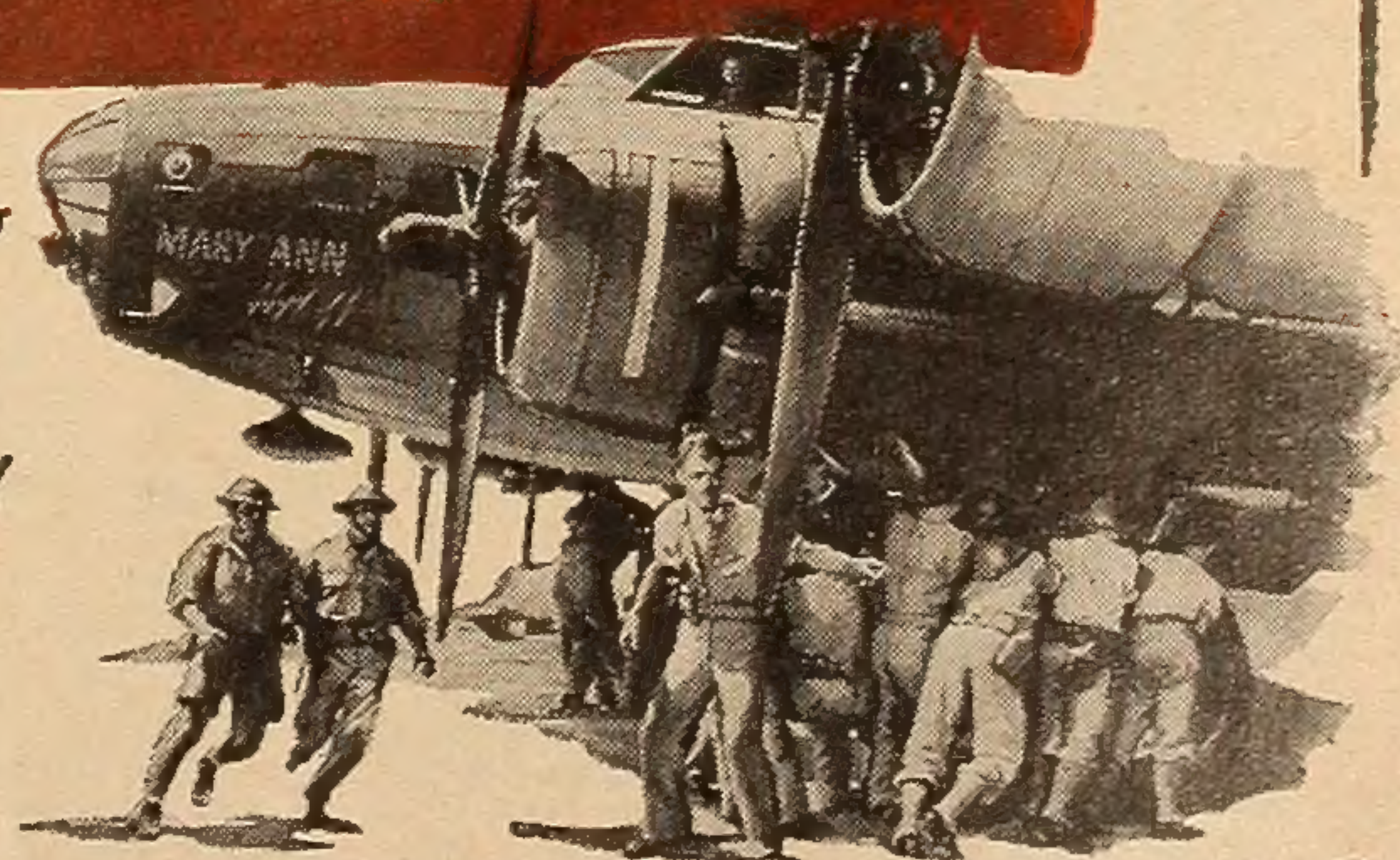
Now Showing Nationally

PRODUCED BY

HAL B. WALLIS

THE PLAYERS INCLUDE: JOHN GARFIELD
GIG YOUNG • HARRY CAREY • GEO. TOBIAS
ARTHUR KENNEDY • JAS. BROWN • JOHN
RIDGELY • SCREEN PLAY: DUDLEY NICHOLS

HOWARD HAWKS
PRODUCTION



SCREENLAND

Irresistible
AS HE DESIRES
YOU



THAT IRRESISTIBLE SOMETHING

IS *Irresistible*
P E R F U M E

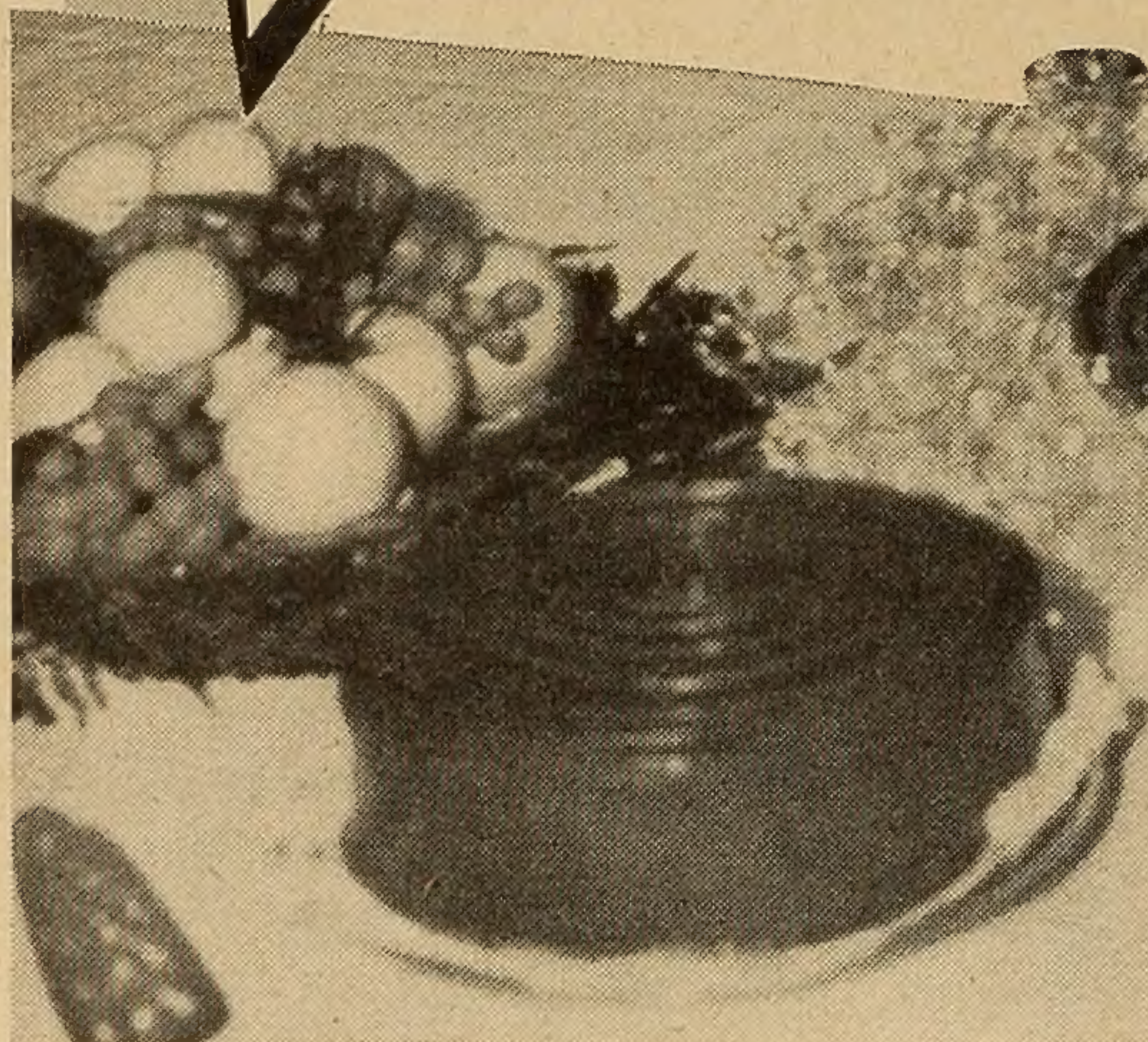
So the man of your dreams may find you even more enchanting, wear Irresistible Perfume . . . a heart-catching, head-spinning fragrance, as lasting as it is lovely. Spicy, stimulating, it brilliantly blends the sauciness of youth with exciting sophistication. In SCENT-imental Mother's Day package.

10c at all 5 and 10c stores



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Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer . . . s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r . . . 10c

INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES



By Betty Boone

FOR a while after gas rationing it looked as if Weidler parties were out for the duration. That would have been too bad, because a party at the Weidlers is something to shout about. Fortunately, though, the family moved from its out-in-the-valley location to a big New Orleans galleried type house on a hill in Westwood, where an "A" card or a bus brings guests within reach.

Virginia is a born hostess. Perhaps being youngest of a large family makes her at home in a crowd. There are three boys and three girls in the family, not to mention the husband and baby of one of the girls, and Mrs. Weidler. Besides, each Weidler brings home his or her friends as a matter of course.

"We always had so many people at the table—never less than twelve," Virginia observed, wistfully, "but now with my two older brothers gone, one to the Coast Guard, the other to the Air Corps, and most of their friends gone with them, we're lonesome and it's fun to fill in the blank places with a party."

Plenty of action, plenty of noise and music, and plenty of food is the Weidler recipe for a party.

"We like to jitterbug, so we have contests for the best couple, or the fanciest steps, or the funniest ones, or things like that. Then there's the recording outfit—we make rec-

Having set the buffet table, our young jitterbug hostess, Virginia Weidler, photo at top, starlet of M-G-M's "The Youngest Profession," brings in a generous tray of tempting sandwiches which she is seen preparing at right.



Action, jive, and lots of tasty food is junior hostess Virginia Weidler's recipe for a party for the "younger set"



ords of all the kids at the party and play them back. Some of them are swell at thinking up gags, and some try to sing. The boys usually play some instrument. That saxophone you hear now is the brother that's still home." The sax moaned on and on like a hound baying or a coyote wailing.

Virginia beamed. "Gee, you ought to be here when all the boys are home! Each one would get up in his own room with one or two dogs and practice hard at whatever instrument he was working on then, and the dogs would all howl something terrible. It was swell! The lady next door would open her window and yell for quiet, but we were always making so much noise we couldn't hear. I remember one time I yelled at a dog: 'Oh, shut up!' and she called out: 'That's what I say!'

"The neighbors are sure glad the boys are away."

Guests at Virginia's parties are always certain of what they call her "rabbit food."

"I have big bowls of green stuff on hand—things like lettuce, tomato and cucumber that everyone has, but also raw turnips, parsley, cauliflower bits and spinach. And always small pieces of lemon cut up in it. I can't live without lemon—I like them squeezed over bread and into all my food, or just *as is*," confessed Virginia.

A detailed recipe for the "rabbit food" follows:

VITAMIN SALAD

Each cook selects her favorite vegetables for this salad, but this is the way to prepare them:

Wash small tender inside leaves of spinach free of sand. Peel carrots and cucumber. Wash and shred cabbage. Scrub green pepper, celery and radishes with vegetable brush and wash cauliflower buds. Crisp in refrigerator. Wash lettuce, watercress and parsley and place in salad bowl. Add tomatoes, peeled and sliced, beets and turnips, also peeled and sliced. Drain chilled vegetables between towels; slice cucumber and radishes very thin and add to salad bowl. If you like onion, add few slices of peeled white onion. Combine and moisten with good French dressing.

(Please turn to page 89)



Home recordings and dance contests are the unique features of Virginia's parties. Below, she is pictured checking her home equipment and setting the microphone "level."

"All the Men at this Party are Snobs!"



Carol: Nonsense, Mary! They're genial lads, and you're pretty enough and peppy enough to have them begging for dances! You *deserve* the limelight, Pet—and I can help you get your share, in one easy lesson!



Mary: Underarm odor! But I bathe every day!

Carol: A bath is only intended to take care of *past* perspiration, Mary! Use Mum to prevent risk of underarm odor *to come!*



Mary: Wallflowers like me are often made by trusting a bath too long. Never again for me, when speedy Mum will keep me *safe* for hours!



MARY, MARY—
GIVE ME YOUR
ANSWER
TRUE-OO!

— TO HERSELF —
ED'S GETTING TO BE A
REGULAR STEADY NOW—
SINCE I'M KEEPING
COMPANY WITH MUM!

YOU'LL like Mum—for **SPEED**—takes only 30 seconds. For **SECURITY**—Mum prevents underarm odor without stopping perspiration. For **DEPENDABILITY**—Mum keeps you dainty for hours *to come!* . . .

For **Sanitary Napkins**—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable—prevents embarrassment.



MUM

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION**

Product of Bristol-Myers

It's a
BIG PICTURE



THE FUNNIEST PAIR IN
PICTURES—ARE ROOTIN'
SHOOTIN' WESTERNERS
NOW!

JOE E. BROWN
JUDY CANOVA

CHATTERBOX



with
ROSEMARY LANE
JOHN HUBBARD
GUS SCHILLING
ANNE JEFFREYS
GEORGE BYRON
and
THE MILLS BROTHERS and
SPADE COOLEY and HIS BOYS

BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS



SONGS!

"Mad About Him, Sad Without
Him Blues"
"Welcome to Victory Ranch"—and more

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE



Your GUIDE to **CURRENT FILMS**

SELECTED BY *Delight Evans*



FOREVER AND A DAY—RKO-Radio

More stars than we can list here appear in this war charity film to which all 78 players contributed their services without pay. Some of the fun of seeing it is derived from being able to pick out top stars in bit parts. But even with its wealth of fine talent and interesting tale, it runs too long. It's the story of an old house and its occupants for generations back, told in episodic flashbacks, by a modern *Trimble* (Ruth Warrick) to a *Pomfret* (Kent Smith) in the house's bomb-proof cellar during a raid. English history is traced from 1804 to present conflict. Anna Neagle, Ray Milland, Merle Oberon, Ida Lupino are in it.



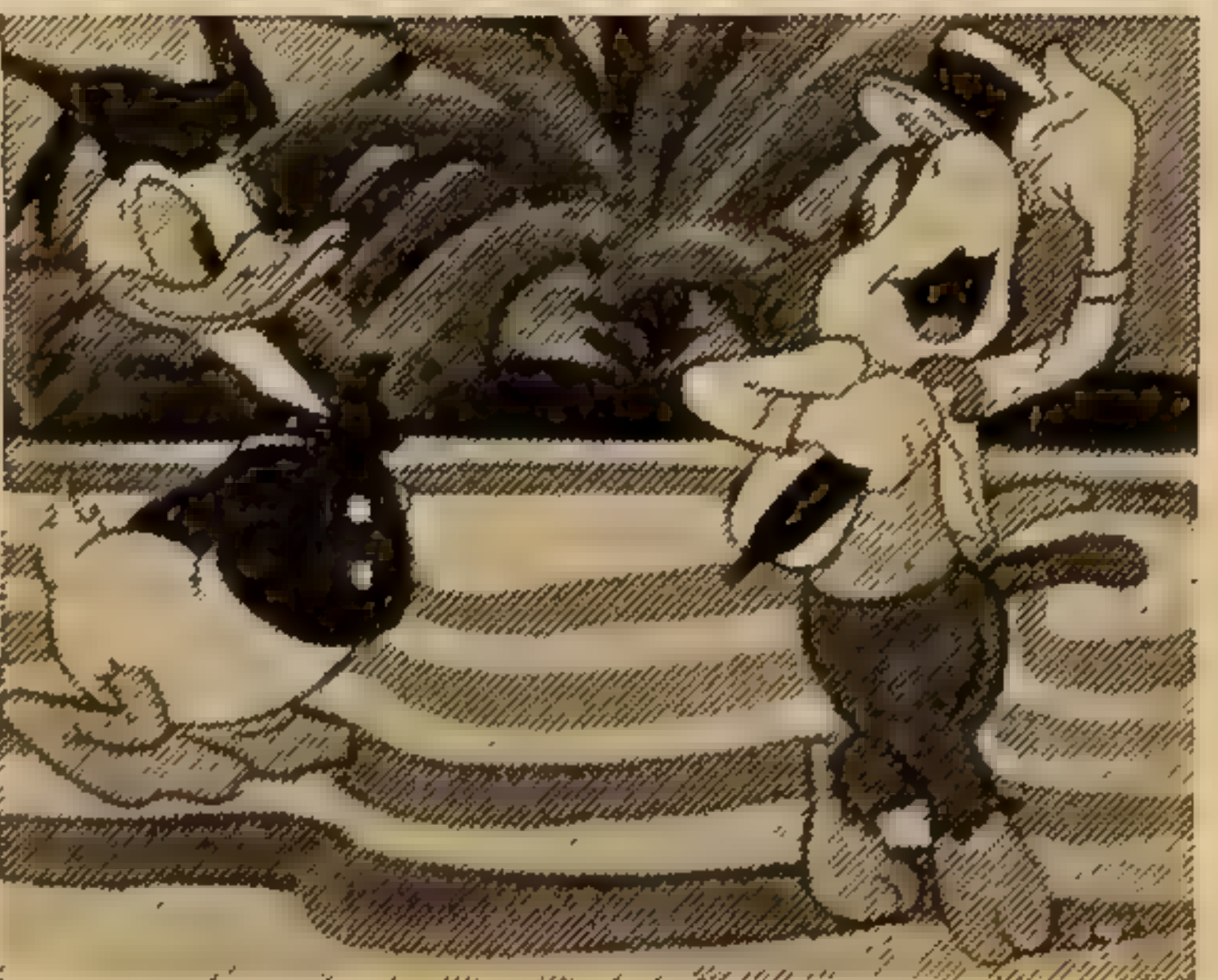
FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM—RKO-Radio

A thrilling movie about a girl flyer who deliberately vanishes in the Pacific so that Uncle Sam's searching planes may photograph Jap fortifications. Rosalind Russell plays, with conviction and much charm, *Tonie Carter*, a rôle inspired by the life of Amelia Earhart. It's a different part for Roz—not the sophisticated glamor gal type rôle she usually plays. Fred MacMurray is fine as *Randy*, dashing, famous aviator with whom *Tonie* romances between record-breaking flights. Herbert Marshall is good as the "other man" in her life. It's an inspiring tale of adventure, daring, love.



THE AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY—Universal

For the first time in her brilliant career, Deanna Durbin has to cope with a poor story. She struggles valiantly to overcome the obstacles of a hodge-podge script which presents her first as a refugee from the war in China with a brood of adopted babies, then as a giddy masquerading matron, and finally as a lovelorn girl—but not even the enchantment of the Durbin voice and personality can make her grown-up "come-back" film anything more than routine entertainment. Barry Fitzgerald, Edmond O'Brien, and cute youngsters help; but next time, Universal, do better by our Deanna!



SALUDOS AMIGOS (Hello Friends)—Disney-RKO

This travelogue-cartoon, filmed as part of our "good neighbor" policy, is based on the South American tour made by Disney and his artists. Actual movies of the party's trip, combined with their impressions of the natives, their songs, dances, fiestas, and the Latin-American countries' vivid scenic splendor, plus amusing animated comedy sequences, make this novel cartoon entertaining and instructive. Donald Duck is seen as an American tourist; Goofy becomes a Gaucho; and two cute new characters are born: Jose Carioca, a samba-struttin' parrot, and Pedro, heroic baby plane.



CABIN IN THE SKY—M-G-M

Here's good entertainment. It's an all-negro musical fantasy, based on the Broadway play. It has the many varieties of song, dance and comedy for which colored performers are well known and all those featured in it are at their best. The action takes place in "Rochester" Anderson's dream. While in a coma, Rochester, as *Little Joe*, dreams of the struggles of the forces of good and evil for possession of his soul. You won't believe it until you see it, but as presented here, it can be funny. Ethel Waters, flawless as wife *Petunia*, who wins *Joe* back from sultry *Georgia Brown* (Lena Horne).



HITLER'S CHILDREN—RKO-Radio

Sensational drama exposing the Nazi methods of "educating" German youth for a future dedicated to the ruthless ideology of their Fuehrer is this film version based on the best-selling book, "Education for Death." While there are traces of the customary Hollywood compromise with reality, on the whole the film is commendably straightforward as it relates the cold-blooded conditioning of boys and girls and the brutal treatment of any who fight against the system. The tragedy of two who rebel provides the personal story against the broad background of anti-Nazi propaganda. Bonita is poignant, persuasive as the heroine, and Tim Holt is convincing as the Gestapo boy.



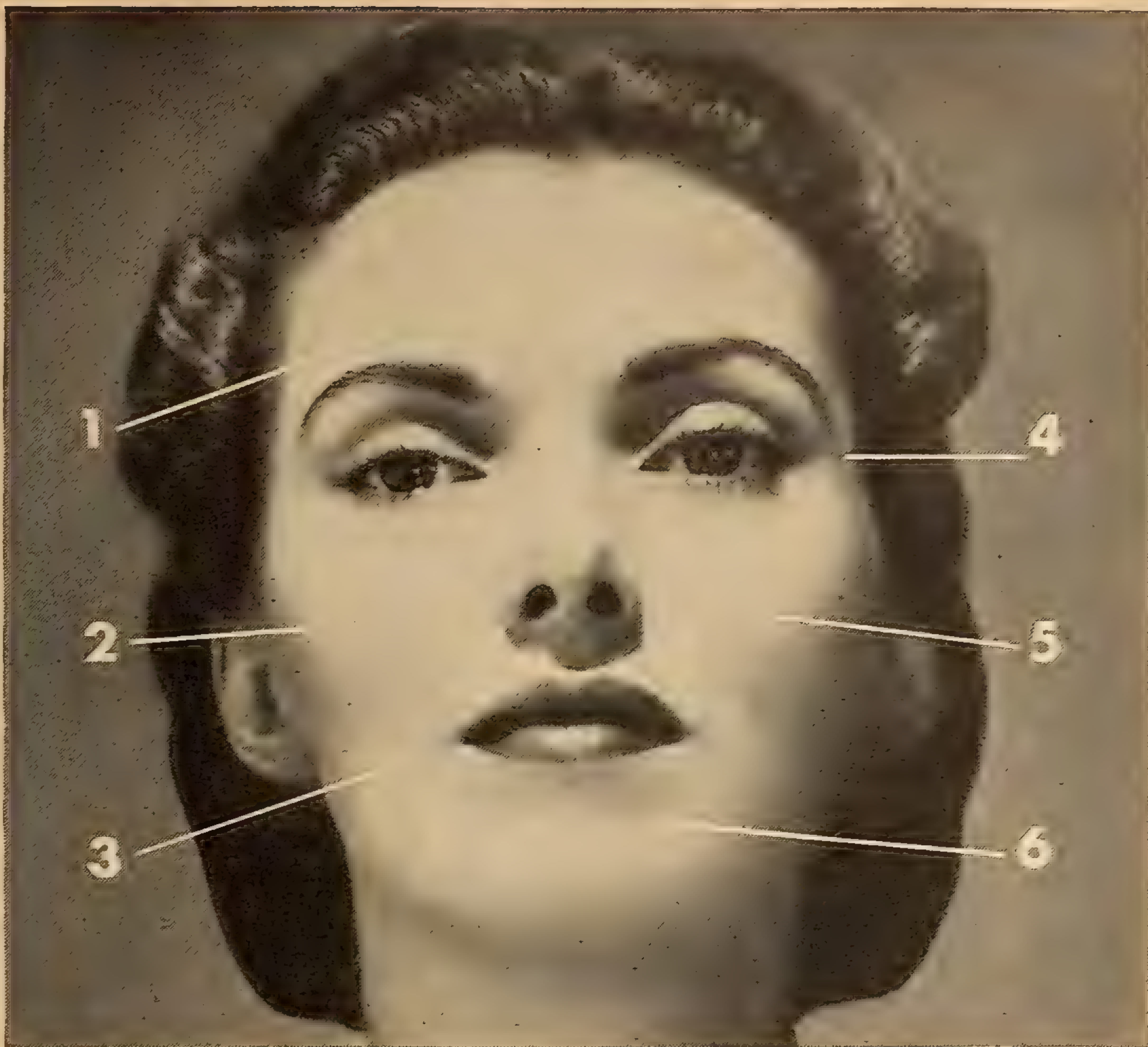
SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE—United Artists

Although this war picture gets off to a slow start in its early scenes, its action and pace step up as the tale unfolds, and it emerges as a thrilling, exciting account of the experiences of a British engineer (Clifford Evans) who goes on a dangerous mission to France, before the invasion, to keep secret munitions machinery from falling to the Nazis. The film shows encounters with fifth columnists, bombings, machine-gunning, and pitiful scenes of French refugees flooding the roads in trying to escape the oncoming Nazis. Two who help outwit the enemy are Constance Cummings, who plays an American girl, and Tommy Trinder, a British soldier. Trinder furnishes comedy.



THE SIEGE OF LENINGRAD—Artkino

Impressive documentary showing with stark realism the heroic stand of our Russian allies, both soldiers and civilians. Dramatic screen record of superhuman courage and endurance. Told with no concessions to superficial "entertainment" values, it is a great job of candid camera reporting of history in the making. Because you are watching the real thing, the struggles of the citizens of Leningrad through their grim and desperate winter provide terrific and terrible drama, and the fact that the photography is necessarily far from Hollywood's standard of perfection matters not at all. Stirring scenes are unforgettable.



Who else wants to say "Goodbye" to these 6 Face Powder Troubles?

- 1 Does the face powder you use fail to give a smooth, even finish?
- 2 Does the face powder you use fail to stay on?
- 3 Does the face powder you use fail to stay fresh and fragrant?
- 4 Does the face powder you use fail to hide little tired lines?
- 5 Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny freckles?
- 6 Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny blemishes?

Women say this new-texture powder makes their skin look years younger!

THERE'S a thrilling *new-texture* powder that helps end the 6 "face powder troubles" listed at left. It's Lady Esther Face Powder—and it's different because it's *made* differently! It isn't just mixed in the usual way—it's blown by *TWIN HURRICANES*. And this hurricane method makes the texture much smoother and finer than ordinary powder—makes the shades richer. Lady Esther Face Powder helps hide little lines and blemishes, even tiny freckles. Try it! See how it gives instant new freshness to your skin—makes it look younger and lovelier.

How to find your Lucky Shade

Send for the 7 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them one after another—and find the one shade that's most flattering to your skin.

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER



LADY ESTHER, 7162 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (85)

Send me by return mail the 7 new shades of face powder, and a tube of your 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

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IS SUNSHINE
THAT LIGHTS-UP
ANY HOME"



ANN RUTHERFORD

Starring in the 20th Century-Fox Production
"I ESCAPED FROM HONG KONG"

Are you longing for a bit of extra sunshine these dark and troubled days? Then buy a Canary—and let his happy song light-up your home!

Get a Canary today! Learn to talk to him, and have him answer you in song. You'll thrill to his cheery response that helps drive away care and makes you feel like singing, too.

FREE! Every lover of pets will want French's superb new book about Canaries, just off the press. Specially posed photographs—some in full-color—of famous Hollywood stars with their Canaries. Pages of human-interest stories about the only pet that sings. Send for FREE copy—TODAY! Simply mail your request—with name and address—on a penny post card, to The R. T. French Company, 2541 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.



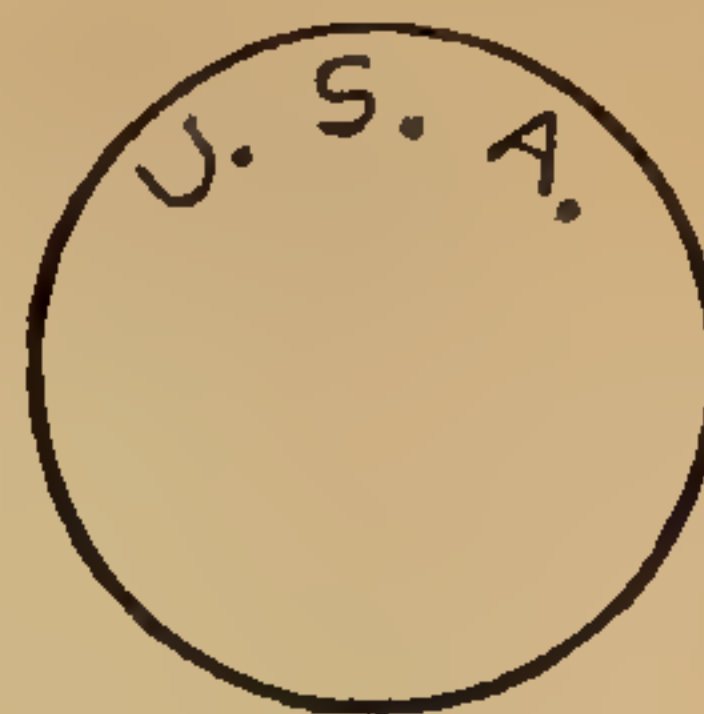
IN HOLLYWOOD

4 out of 5 Canary Owners
demand FRENCH'S BIRD SEED



Keep your Canary happy, healthy and singing! FRENCH'S Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit) supplies 11 aids to song and health. Feed your Canary FRENCH'S—today and every day!

LARGEST-SELLING BIRD SEED
IN THE U. S.



Fans' Forum



FIRST PRIZE LETTER

\$10.00

I've just seen "Star Spangled Rhythm" and, although I was successful in refraining from the rather unladylike antic of "rolling in the aisles," I'm afraid my howls of laughter were strictly of the hyena variety!

From Betty Hutton's hilarious lesson on "How *not* to get over a wall," to Bob Hope's amazing feat of taking a shower bath with someone who never discovers he's there! From Fred MacMurray's consternation over—tsk-tsk—"another run" in his sock, to the song-and-dance act of the male impersonators of Goddard, Lamour and Lake! I was never allowed to relax my jaws for a minute. And was it refreshing! No trenches, no shell-holes, no starvation, no misery; only light-hearted laughter and song—and that's what this country needs!

Give us more pictures of the "Star Spangled Rhythm" variety.

MISS ADLA MICKWEE, Birmingham, Ala.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

\$5.00

I should like to submit my letter in your monthly contest. (I'm only fifteen.)

After a week of cramming and semester exams, the gang decided that what we needed was a little fun. So—locking Latin and chemistry and Miss Clark in our desks, we voted for a good movie show, and afterwards the Tasty Crispy (our corner drug-store). Anyone who dared to whisper the word "exam" would have to treat the crowd to double chocolate ice cream sodas. But no one even thought of school while watching "Seven Sweethearts" on the screen.

We were so completely enchanted by pert Kathryn Grayson and handsome Van Heflin that we didn't even think of the outcome of the history exam. Instead, we hummed the catchy melodies from the film and praised the super performances of the "Seven Sweethearts" and their friends.

It was such a friendly picture, so charming and gay, that we all felt the need of thanking someone for it. Perhaps this is the best way. However, we would also like to ask that Hollywood give us many more pictures like "Seven Sweethearts."

MARILYN FRANZ, Manitowac, Wis.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS

\$1.00 EACH

Perhaps just a pretty face did thrill young folks in the pre-war movies. But today, when youngsters who yesterday weren't old enough to vote, are now considered old enough to give their precious lives for the defense of their beloved country, reality has



Fan Mail Into Victory Mail

This is how you can turn your fan mail into Victory mail. Write a letter to this Forum telling about your favorite screen star or about a film which you thought highly of; or perhaps you would prefer to write about a star or movie that disappointed you. What you write about doesn't matter since letters of praise as well as constructive criticism are welcome. If your letter is judged one of the best received during the month, you will be awarded one of the War Savings Stamps prizes which will help you buy more Bonds, and more Bonds mean an earlier Victory—that's how your fan letter can become a Victory letter! SCREENLAND awards monthly prizes of \$10.00; \$5.00; and five prizes of \$1.00 each, payable in War Savings Stamps. Closing date, 25th of month.

Please address letters to SCREENLAND'S FANS' FORUM, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

a far greater appeal.

And nothing more effectively proved just this than the late lamented movie version of "White Cargo." It may interest SCREENLAND and its readers to know that I saw that film with a handsome young soldier home on leave. I had remembered the hit the show had been years ago when the rich rôle of Tondeleyo was given a famous actress. Yes, I know Hedy Lamarr is quite beautiful. Still the soldier and I were terribly bored. After giving her a patient chance, that soldier boy said: "Gosh she's not thrilling me—she's making me nervous!" Nothing proved the point more that Hedy is *not* a good actress. That native gal was a rich part for any actress, but with accent on the word actress and not just a pretty face! And while this criticism may offend Hedy's admirers, I reiterate, I have not been able to find one person who saw that picture who enjoyed it; yet the male cast was good and the plot interesting.

RUTH BRACKER STONE, New York, N. Y.



Mikhail Ivanov, guerrilla fighter who participated in the siege of Leningrad, receiving a bouquet from Mrs. Edward Carter, a director of Russian War Relief at opening of the new film, "Siege of Leningrad."

There was a time when nothing made me more furious than to hear my girl friends talking and dreaming about movie actors. I simply couldn't stand to hear them say, "Isn't he handsome?" or "Isn't he simply divine?" I never dreamed that I would soon be saying such things myself. But the day I saw Macdonald Carey in "Dr. Broadway," I broke the ice. He not only can act, but he's got one of the nicest smiles in Hollywood. I don't scold my friends any more, but they sure do tease me. But you can bet your life I don't care. I have finally found my Hollywood favorite. There is only one more thing I have to say and that is, give me more Macdonald Carey films and you will have a very devoted movie fan. I hope Carey will be given more and bigger parts in the future.

DOROTHY PAULEY, Pittsburgh, Pa.

One of the greatest actors in the film industry has given the public another of his fine performances. Who could have thought that this actor, who plays gangster rôles so magnificently, could play opposite Ingrid Bergman in the greatest love story of all time? Who would have guessed that this actor could give the American public such a performance that they would demand "Casablanca" be held over indefinitely? Unusual indeed! I say, Mr. Producer, don't fret over your younger stars entering the services—just make the most of what you have and, judging from Humphrey Bogart's performance in "Casablanca," you have plenty of star material.

Hats off to you, Humphrey Bogart, and may all your performances be as inspiring as that of Rick in "Casablanca."

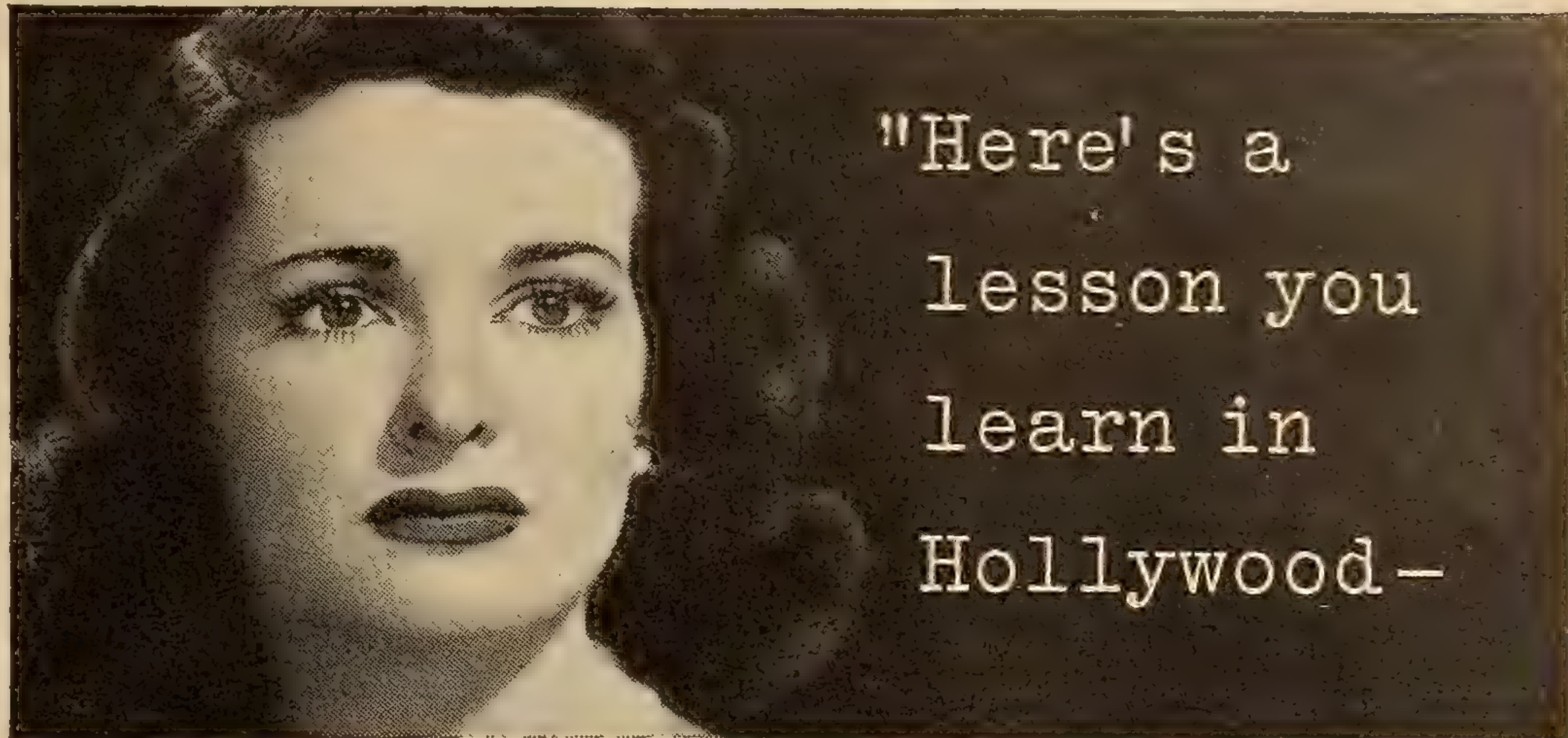
MAXINE SWALLOW, Pocatello, Idaho

I read in a newspaper recently that Myrna Loy has retired from movies. Please, Myrna, don't do that to us! Who else but you can be *Mrs. Thin Man*? The reason given was that you wanted to be with your husband. I have no doubt that you can be the perfect wife—*Nick Charles* can testify to that—but we need you to show us other much-less-than-perfect wives how it's done, and to emphasize the way to hold your man with that screwy technique of yours.

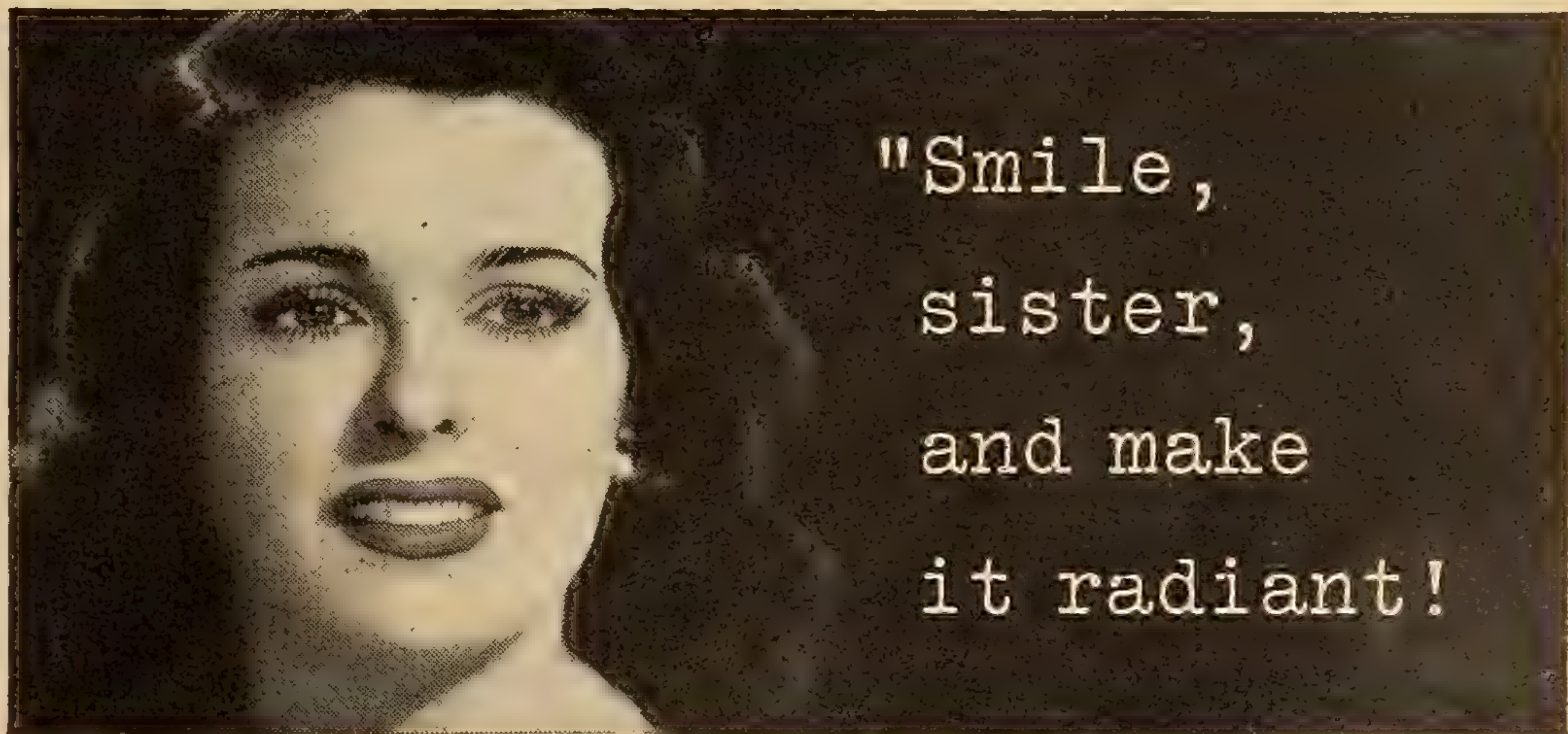
Please come back to the screen. These new glamor girls who are fast springing into prominence are all very well as débutantes, but they lack a lot of what it takes to be a successful screen wife—and, lady, you've got what it takes, with all the trimmings. Rest up for a while, if you are tired,

JOAN BENNETT speaking:

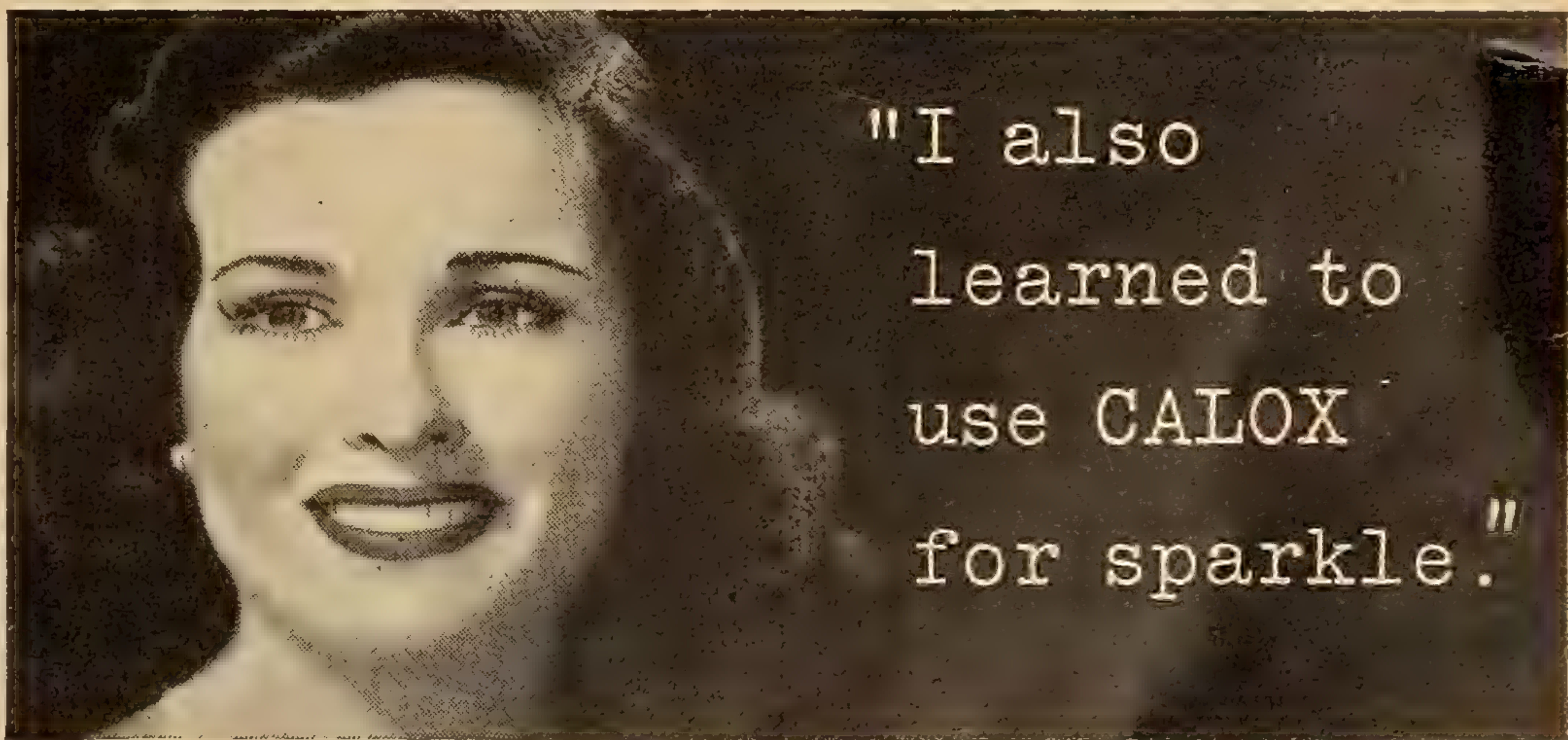
Twentieth Century-Fox star of "MARGIN FOR ERROR"



"Here's a lesson you learn in Hollywood—



"Smile, sister, and make it radiant!"



"I also learned to use CALOX for sparkle."



A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for persons who want the utmost sparkle and brilliance consistent with absolute safety. Look for these professional features:

1. Scrupulous cleansing. Your teeth have a notably clean feel after using Calox.
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THE very first time you shampoo with Halo all the rich natural beauty of your hair is revealed. It dries shining bright, radiant with true natural color because Halo *cannot* leave a dulling soap-film. *No soap or soap shampoo can possibly make this promise!*

Yes, what a difference—when you glorify your hair with modern Halo Shampoo. Made with a new-type patented lathering ingredient, Halo contains *no* soap, *cannot* leave soap-film to hide the luster of your hair. And you need no lemon or vinegar rinse with Halo.

Halo removes loose dandruff, leaves hair easy to manage, easy to curl. 10¢ and larger sizes.

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For lovelier lips and cheeks, arms and legs, carry Lechler's VELVATIZE in your pocketbook, use it any time, anywhere! So easy and clean—odorless—no muss, no bother—nothing to wash off! Removes UNWANTED hair instantly! Lechler's new Deluxe Duplex Kit contains TWO "Complexion Stones"—FINE for chin, cheeks, etc.—



QUICK ACTION for arms and legs, etc.—each in its own smart pastel compact! If Druggist is not supplied send your name and address today. Pay Postman \$2 plus few cents postage. Shipped by return mail in plain sealed wrapper.

HOUSE OF LECHLER
Dept. 155, 560 Broadway, New York City

Lechler's VELVATIZE



These lucky boys, who were in Washington when Loretta Young went there for the President's Birthday Ball, were served refreshments by the star at the Capitol's Stage Door Canteen.

but by spring, do come back and make more pictures for us. If you must retire, wait until after the duration, for in these trying times we need you and your *Nick-nacks* to make us laugh.

MRS. H. S. TRUITT, Norfolk, Va.

As a movie fan who likes good comedies, I deplore the lack of them today more than I can say. Where are all the good comedians these days? Surely, some of the old-timers could be coaxed back for the duration of the war, anyway. Some of the old comedians were masters at making people laugh.

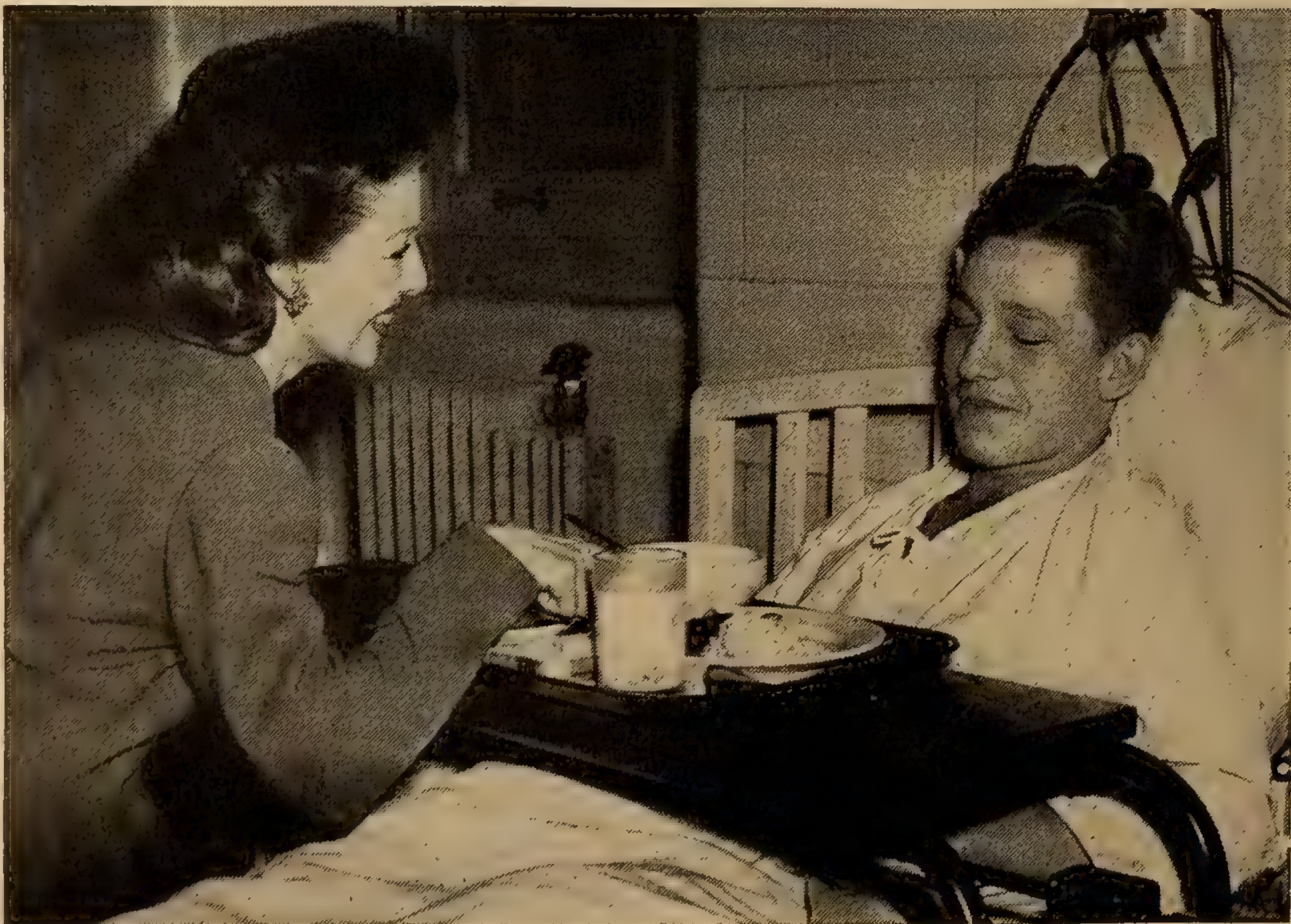
Personally, I would rather see W. C. Fields rock on his heels, and hear him bumble, than to see many of Hollywood's prize players. In the comedy field—the field I like—Bill Fields is "tops" for fun and

amusement that really amuses. On my movie match-box, he always "strikes" with amazing regularity. The only trouble is that he doesn't get a chance to "strike" often enough. So here is a plea, producers, for more comedies. They make us laugh and we need to laugh these stirring days. Please call back some of the old-timers and let them entertain us again.

GENE G. GRAYSON, Columbus, Ohio

HONORABLE MENTION

Please let me say a good word for Vera Vague, who is, to my mind, one of the best comediennes of screen and radio. I would rather see or hear five minutes of her performance than an hour of Abbott and Cos-



Loretta also found time to visit hospitals and cheer bed-ridden soldiers. Be sure to read what our Editor says about Miss Young's Washington trip in this issue's "Open Letter."



James Cagney, Janet Blair and Roy Rogers return to Hollywood after appearing at the President's Birthday Ball, in Washington.

tello. (Don't get me wrong, I like Lou and Bud, too.)

At least three reviews listed "Hi Neighbor" as a "weak little home-grown number." My family and I must be home-grown, too, for after seeing it as part of a double feature, we stayed to see it over, which is more than we did for the other half of the program. Possibly the plot was a bit weak, but the characters were really funny. We chuckled for days over some of their sayings and doings.

And as for Vera, she's vera. Vera clever.

EVA F. SOBEY, Castle Rock, Colo.

It would be nice if during 1943 we, the fans, would confine our comments to discussions of the *pictures* and try to soft-pedal *personalities*. There's a war on and before it's over it's going to use up plenty of our emotional vitality so why waste it on idle arguments anent the stars—who, incidentally, do far more real work than any one of us? Some like Joan Fontaine, others prefer Betty Grable; one goes for Gable, another chooses Boyer. Okay, every fan to his or her taste. Let's write with malice toward none and make the column noted during the new year for its high rate of intelligent criticism by going easy on the petty jibes and barbed wit. There is high-grade ore among the current crop of pictures, so let's dig for it and forget funny hair-dos, glamor and sarongs and who's slipping, etc., etc. Let's make it a happy, not scrappy New Year.

JOHN D. BAYNE, Vancouver, Canada

I have been a movie "bug" since Lyman Howe, Bill Hart, Pearl White and the super serial, "The Million Dollar Mystery." I was old enough then to have a movie crush, too. My heart-throb was Grace Cunard and boy! did I get sore when the villain (Francis Ford) pursued her. Speaking of serials, why not give us more like those oldies? The above would be swell as a "talkie." All the serials I see today are all blood-and-thunder without a bit of human interest.

Believe it or not, recently I walked a mile not for a camel but to see Margie Hart in "Lure Of The Islands," not that I expected her to do a strip tease. I liked her but oh, how you let her down! I will admit the story packed a punch with plenty of action but why the Jap angle? You could have created an island without a Jap on it even in these hectic times. Anyway, my blood pressure goes sky high when I have to look at those yellow babies too often. But there was a silver lining as the co-feature turned out to be "Seven Sweethearts," so I lived and loved a sweetheart of a picture if there ever was one, filled with more high morale qualities than a dozen war films.

HASKELL H. GILSON, New Haven, Conn.



Man Overboard!

And no wonder, when she wears Evening in Paris Face Powder!

Adrift in a sea of Romance, and sinking fast!

It is frankly for fascination, this thrilling Evening in Paris make-up. There's glorious flattery in the silken softness of Evening in Paris face powder... in the exquisite harmony of Evening in Paris rouge and lipstick.

Try it for those moments when your sole aim is to charm... Evening in Paris make-up, created to turn his head... and his heart... your way.

Face Powder, \$1.00 • Lipstick, 50c • Rouge, 50c • Perfume, \$1.25 to \$10
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Evening in Paris

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America's best loved best-seller comes to the screen! The mighty story of fierce dreams, proud courage, fighting love in today's West! Great as the red-blooded, warm-hearted people who inspired it!



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Directed by HAROLD SCHUSTER • Produced by RALPH DIETRICH
Screen Play by Lillie Hayward • Adaptation by Francis Edwards Faragoh

20th
CENTURY FOX
PICTURE

The Editor's Page

AN OPEN LETTER TO LORETTA YOUNG

HELLO, Trouper:

Your more frenzied fans may resent my hailing the most orchidaceous of all movie stars as anything so homespun and everyday as a "trouper." The term suggests a sturdy character actress rather than the ethereal exquisite called Loretta Young. You who look as if a gentle Spring breeze would blow you straight into the stratosphere, so fragile, dainty, and delicate—are really not like that at all. You're harder to knock out than Joe Louis.

I know. I watched you fight at the President's Birthday Ball celebrations in Washington, D. C. As one of the 25 stars who journeyed from Hollywood to participate in the two days and nights of personal appearances, you were the leading lady in the toughest schedule any star ever had to meet. Few who saw you as you dashed from official reception to White House luncheon, from hospital to Stage Door Canteen, knew

Lovely Loretta wore this two-year-old evening gown (right) to the President's Birthday Ball celebrations in Washington, D. C. She says ostentation is "out" for duration.

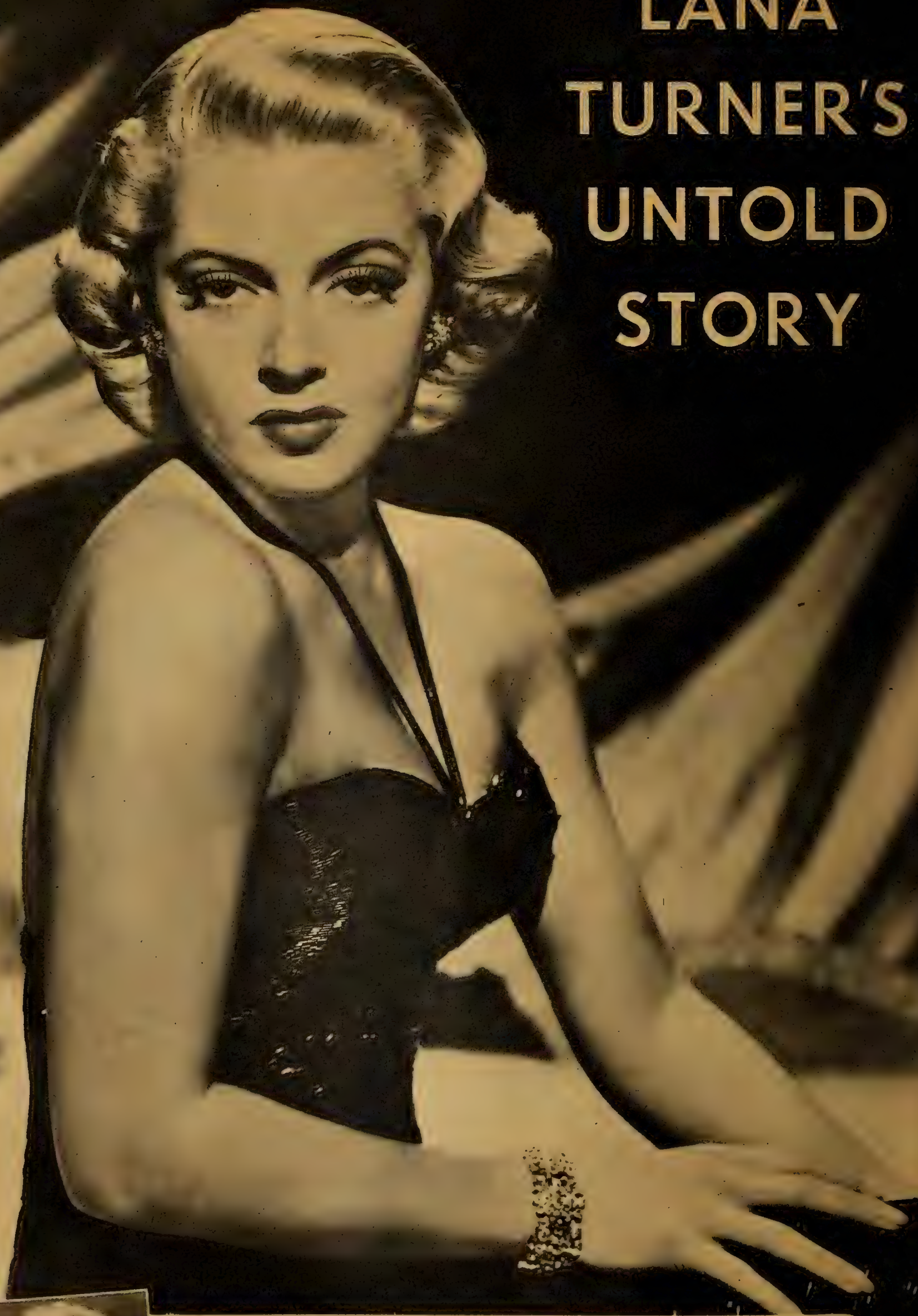
Below, Miss Young with a juvenile admirer. Latest film for Paramount, "China," deals with the heroism of the Chinese people of today, and co-stars Loretta with Alan Ladd.



you were carrying on against doctor's orders, and that only your spiritual stamina saw you through. After it was all over, you gave in and had the flu—but good. I know what a beautiful picture you made at the brilliant banquet attended by the Washington big-wigs; but I prefer the closeup I had of you visiting our boys in the two great hospitals, the Walter Reed and the U. S. Naval Medical Aid Center—charming them not only with your grace and beauty, but warming their hearts with your understanding and humor. You can't fool me any longer, Loretta. I know now that you're no goddess. You're something better—a fine, down-to-earth human being.

Delight Evans

LANA TURNER'S UNTOLD STORY



By
HER "STAND-IN," ALICE MAY



Gorgeous Lana has a warmth and depth few suspect. Her hidden personality is revealed in our exclusive story by her friend, Alice May. At right, closeup from new Turner film, "Slightly Dangerous." Lower right, love scene with Robert Young.

THIS is going to be a "rave" story about Lana. Praise of Lana. Bouquets to Lana. Appreciation of Lana, and gratitude to her. It may even sound like fulsome praise, my story. And lush flattery. But that's what makes it significant. For mind you, I could resent Lana. None better. I could be horribly jealous of her. I could envy her, and pity me!

The first time I saw her was when she made "They Won't Forget" at Warner Brothers. That was her first picture, made soon after Director Mervyn LeRoy discovered her. I worked in that picture, too. Not as a stand-in, as an actress. I had a small part. But my chances then, one might have thought, were as good as hers.

I look quite a bit like Lana. We are the same height, of course. A stand-in must be the same height as a star. We have the same color hair (we see to that). We laugh alike. We even think alike. We are, we have been told, the same "glandular type." I am not much older than she is.

But—I stand under the lights while the scene is being set; step out when the cameras turn. I get a tithe of her salary, none of her fame, publicity, adulation, glamor. I am the Martha to her Mary.

I could hate her. I love her dearly. And—I *didn't have to write this story*. I am doing it of my own volition. So here goes with the raves:

She is the most glamorous, most beautiful girl in the world—and she doesn't know it! Lana Turner looks glamorous, let me tell you, and I'm one that can tell you, when she wakes up in the morning. One time when we were in New York, the weather turned zero. I went out and bought two pairs of those funny looking ski pajamas, tan for Lana, green for me. We woke up next morning in our gorgeous suite and to see us running around in those zippered sleeping bags, looking something like overstuffed Gremlins,

Alice May, whose likeness you see below Lana's on opposite page, has the exact measurements of Miss Turner, so saves the star's energy by "standing in" for her on the set at M-G-M studio while technicians prepare for next scene. Co-workers for five years, off the movie set Alice is companion, secretary and chum to Lana. A dancer, Miss May appeared on the concert stage when she was a child. This charming, slim and blue-eyed blonde is the daughter of Dr. W. May of Los Angeles.





In "Slightly Dangerous" Lana plays the down-to-earth rôle of a pretty soda-jerker.



Wholesome lunch on the set for Lana: big glass of milk, her favorite ham and egg sandwich.



Bulky buffoon from Broadway, Zero Mostel, looks Lana over with an artist's eye.

was something for the book. Lana looked me over. "Gee," she said, "do you look awful!" I wished with all my heart that I could have returned the compliment in like vein. But even in those silly-looking things, she was gorgeous.

She looked glamorous during the first couple of months the baby was coming, when she felt so ill; through all the trouble of the past months, her beauty seemed, not dimmed, but enhanced. I thought to myself, paraphrasing a popular song, "Pallor becomes you so . . ."

She can, and does get dressed in less time than any girl, in or out of pictures, I have ever known. She hasn't a touch of mirror-phobia. She can be ready for a picnic or a night-club in ten to fifteen minutes flat and still look super-glamorous. I don't believe there is anything in the world she could DO to de-glamorize herself short of wearing a gas-mask. Even then, there would be that crowning glory that grows upon her head.

Speaking of which, the reason I was called by M-G-M to be Lana's stand-in was because, in addition to being

In "Du Barry Was A Lady," lucky Red Skelton has one sequence with luscious Lana.

One of those languorous Turner moments, below, which help to make Lana the soldiers' (and sailors', and marines') pet Pin-Up Girl. Actually, new Turner film proves star a deft comedienne.

the same height, I had the same color hair as hers, which was red-gold then. Since that time we've had five different changes of hair. More than once Lana has called me in the middle of the night to say, "Look, I've got a new hair color. Now, don't worry, I've cut off a lock." The next morning I pick up the lock, take it to the beauty parlor, and am dyed to match.

Lana is a great caller-in-the-middle-of-the-nighter, by the way. I don't know whether she's psychic or just sensitive to the people she cares for so that she gets thought waves. But often she'll be away, at Del Monte, perhaps, or Laguna, and she will call me late at night and say "Are you all right? Were you asleep? I thought not. What's the trouble?"

The weird thing is that, when she calls, there always is something the matter. I tell her. Then I feel better. You wouldn't think, perhaps, that Lana is the type in whom girls like to confide. But they do.

Two or three times since I've (Please turn to page 64)



Robert Young



HOW MRS. ALAN LADD



Sue Carol Ladd, like so many other patriotic young wives, is saying, "I am glad my husband is a soldier. I am proud that he wants to fight for his country and for me"

AS I waited for Mrs. Alan Ladd in a sunny corner of the little restaurant across from Paramount I couldn't help but think of the first time I had met her. Although I had seen her dozens of times on the screen when she was movie star Sue Carol, and dozens of times on studio lots when she was agent Sue Carol, I had never actually met her until the summer of 1942, shortly after she married her favorite client, Alan Ladd. We had gathered, I recalled, at the home of a mutual friend to wish the young couple happiness. If I ever saw two loving young people I saw them that night. They really didn't need our wishes of happiness. They had found all the happiness in the world in each other. I overheard Alan whisper in Sue's ear, "We'll never be separated, never. Not even for a night." The gods must have envied their happiness. I'm sure we mortals did.

My thoughts passed on from that night to the last time I had seen Sue. It had been only two weeks before, at a Lux broadcast of "This Gun for Hire." Just as brilliantly as he had done on the screen, Alan again portrayed the ruthless, brutal, cold-blooded

is FACING the FUTURE



It's Private Alan Ladd, now: Sensational young star of Paramount thrillers, Ladd completed "Lucky Jordan" and "China" before enlisting in Army Air Corps



By Elizabeth Wilson

Raven, but played the part with such sympathy that everyone in the audience felt sorry for the boy who might have been saved from a life of crime if only someone had been kind to him before it was too late. A few seconds before the broadcast had begun someone had slipped quietly into the seat in front of mine. Her hat was pulled low and her collar pulled up, but I recognized Sue. During Alan's fade-out speech I heard her sob. Alan stepped back, and Director Cecil B. DeMille spoke quietly into the microphone, "Tomorrow Alan Ladd will be Private Alan Ladd."

Well, it doesn't look so impressive here, perhaps, in cold black and white print, but believe me, in the theater that afternoon it was so impressive and thrilling that the

blood congealed in your veins. With one accord every person in the audience rose to his feet and cheered Alan. The orchestra started playing "The Star Spangled Banner," and Sue started crying as if her heart would break. There were a lot of lumps in a lot of throats there that afternoon.

At times like this I never know what to do. But while I hesitated a little girl of twelve pushed past me and slipped her hand into Sue's. "I hope everything will be all right, Mrs. Ladd," she said, gulping back the tears. That was all Sue needed. The two of them sat down and sobbed together. As I left Sue (*Please turn to page 68*)

LADY OF BURLESQUE

Strange case of the G-string murders! Mystery and romance—backstage in a burlesque theater—fictionionized from the new film starring Barbara Stanwyck with Michael O'Shea

Please turn to page 79 for complete cast and credits of "Lady of Burlesque." A Hunt Stromberg production, released by United Artists.



Barbara Stanwyck in her latest starring rôle of *Dixie Daisy*, burlesque queen, in Hunt Stromberg's colorful production based on the Gypsy Rose Lee novel, "The G-String Murders."

Fictionized by Elizabeth B. Petersen



"SOME opening night, huh?" Gee Gee said when it was all over.

"Yeah!" Dixie Daisy's voice was still shaky. "Wide open!"

But at that, the opening night was nothing to what was coming. No one even dreamed that murder was soon to stalk the old Opera House. Least of all Dixie and Gee Gee, who knew so little then of the feuds and hatreds smoldering among the cast.

They'd banked so much on that opening night in New York ever since S. B. Foss' telegram had reached Dixie in the "burleycue" in Columbus a week ago. The Belasco of the bumps was offering Dixie a star spot in his show. That meant Gee Gee would be going too. Everyone on the circuit knew their friendship. Anybody who wanted Dixie's rhinestone-studded G-string would have to take Gee Gee's twangy guitar and her ten-year-old routine along with it.

It was like the last rung in the ladder of success to Dixie, that telegram, the rung that was to pop her right out

of burlesque into legitimate show business and the kind of parts she'd dreamed of. Only she couldn't help wishing her New York debut was in a more glamorous theater. For the old Opera House looked as if it had wearied down the long march of years and the magnificence it once had was falling apart. Its marble lobby and the faded red plush and dingy gold leaf inside were only shop-worn reminders that once the carriage trade had swept up to its doors.

Still, it was New York and she had the star spot. Dixie put everything she had into her first routine as she sang *Play it on the E-string* with the boys out front whistling for more even though Biff Brannigan, the top comic, waiting in the wings topped her lyrics a couple of times with cracks that almost broke her up, making her laugh off cue like that.

S. B. Foss was grinning when she ran off the stage. "What did I tell you!" He threw his arms around her affectionately and then said, "You'll be wearing diamonds in your hair with S. B. Foss (Please turn to page 78)"



Sergeant GENE AUTRY'S FIRST 8 MONTHS IN THE ARMY

By Dora Albert

SO YOUR husband (or your son or your sweetheart) is in the Army! And you are wondering what will happen to him in camp and how he will like it. You remember how much he liked home-cooked meals and wonder if he will thrive as well on Army food. You know how he hates to take orders, and you wonder how he will be able to stand taking them from a superior officer. You remember times when he has had arguments with men who worked in the same place with him, and you wish you knew how he was going to get along in the Army.

Well, I can give you the answers to all your questions from a man who knows, because he himself has been in the Army for eight months—Sergeant Gene Autry. I have just finished talking to Sergeant Gene. We met at his Hollywood office in San Fernando Valley, right near the site of his Valley home which burned down about a year ago. You can still see the charred bricks that once were the foundation stones of his home.

Gene has created a sort of miniature home in his office. There are curtains against the windows, comfortable chairs in the office, treasured pictures on the walls. Gene was in Hollywood for a very short visit, having come to entertain the defense workers at the Lockheed-Vega plant. Since the War

Department believes that the morale of the people on the home front is just as important as that of the soldiers, the Army was glad to send Gene to Hollywood for this purpose.

Gene looked bronzed and healthy and comfortable in his Sergeant's out-



Republic Pictures, by popular demand, are re-issuing some of Autry's best Westerns. Above, typical scene with Smiley Burnette.

fit. It had been about eight months since I last saw Gene, just before he went into the Army—and the only change I could notice was that he looked more relaxed, more at ease than he had before he was in uniform. It was as though being in the Army had answered some very deep need in him, so that he was less restless than he had been before he was inducted.

"Any man," Gene told me, "who wants to get along in the Army can do so easily. On the other hand, if a man goes into the Army resenting the fact that he's been drafted and determined to make trouble, he generally gets all the trouble he has been looking for."

"I have seen fellows go in hating the idea that they had been drafted. At first they would bellyache about everything. As long as they resented the Army, they got along badly. Other fellows would give them a wide berth. But often, the time would come when they would change. In spite of themselves, they would begin to take pride in this man's Army. And the moment they got over their foolish resentment, they'd get along."

I asked Gene if he'd give some advice to men who are about to go into the service. In peace time he'd given me his advice to young men in a world at peace; and some months ago he gave his advice to young men in a



Sergeant Gene Autry, at right, entering a trainer plane. Gene had many hours in the air before he joined the Air Corps, and is so keen to get more experience that he not only does all the flying the Army suggests, but even flies an hour or two a day in a private plane. At right below, Sergeant Autry shakes hands with Chinese cadets at Thunderbird Field. He has great respect for these boys. Photo, Photographic Section, Luke Field.

Gene's own impressions (exclusive!) of his life in the Air Corps

war-torn world. At that time he hadn't served in the Army yet. Now, I felt, he could gear his advice especially to young men who were being called into the Army, the Navy or the Marines—and particularly the Army.

He did. He said:

1. "Try to pick the branch of the service where you can do the best job. But if the officials decide you're mistaken, don't resent it. Any decision they make is for your own good as well as for the good of the services. Naturally, I'm partial to the Air Corps. I know a lot of boys want to be pilots. But maybe the officials will decide after testing some of them that their eyes are poor or their sense of timing wrong. If that happens to you, accept their decision with good sportsmanship. Even though you wanted to be a pilot, perhaps you'll make a better mechanic or a bombardier. Or you may have wanted to be a bombardier, and all the time you were really cut out for a mechanic. Don't resent this. All the men in the services must work together. Just as in a football team, you can't (Please turn to page 60)





Paul Henreid of "Casablanca" and "Now, Voyager" fame is well on his way to becoming an American—a famous one! He loves the American way of life.



PAUL HENREID TELLS ELIZABETH WILSON

TEN years ago Paul Henreid made his first moving picture in Vienna. It wasn't a very important picture. And it wasn't nearly so good as those American pictures Paul saw at every opportunity he had. In his first picture he had tried to do a combination Ronald Colman and Gary Cooper, and it hadn't quite come off. But just the same he was thrilled about it. And when he was informed at the studio that a girl from one of the leading Viennese magazines wanted to interview him he felt that he had arrived.

When the girl had finished the interview, she said, "I would like to read your palm, Mr. Henreid, do you mind?" Paul was pleased. "See if you can find a brilliant

career for me," he said impetuously. "I want a career so bad I can taste it."

The girl studied his palm for some time, and then said very seriously, "You will have to go very far to make your career, Mr. Henreid. And you will have to go very far to find your happiness. I see water, much water, an ocean. You'll make your career in a far-away foreign country. And you'll not make it until you are thirty-five."

"Thirty-five!" exclaimed Paul miserably. "You mean I've got to wait ten long years?" And then his spirits quickly rose. "An ocean? A foreign country? America," he whispered. "It is America, isn't it? Please say it's America. All my life I've wanted to go to America. Live there. Work there. And be an American."

Today, ten years later, Paul Henreid is well on his way to becoming an American, and a famous one at that. It will be several years before he re- (Please turn to page 89)

WHY I AM HAPPY IN FREE *America*



Paul and his pretty wife, Lisl, on the patio of their beloved home in Brentwood, which they purchased from the Henry Fondas.



The Henreid family's pet, Maxie, takes it easy while Paul reads up on American history in his quiet and comfortable den.



"I am a property owner, I am a tax payer, I belong here!" says Paul Henreid proudly. Above, in the living room of his home.



Mrs. Henreid's own sun-filled room, above, is done in pink and blue except for the beige rug. The effect is bright and cheerful.



When Henry Fonda went off to war his wife found their home too large, so sold it to the Henreids. Above, left, the barrel-bar.



Paul studies his latest Warner Bros. movie script in his bedroom, above. All these exclusive home photographs are by Bert Six.

Olivia de Havilland





"SALUTE FOR THREE"

That's Macdonald Carey's last film for the duration—and it is also the inescapable title for an important phase of his private life. Let's do a flash-back on Carey

By Fredda Dudley

YOU remember Macdonald Carey. His first picture for Paramount was "Doctor Broadway"; after that he was the rather stuffy young fiancé who was outraged by Fred MacMurray's picture of Roz Russell in "Take A Letter, Darling." His next assignment was the part of the valiant aviator who brought his plane safely back before he died in "Wake Island." Then he went over to Universal on loan-out for the Hitchcock thriller, "Shadow Of A Doubt," after which he returned to his home lot to work in "Salute For Three" with Dona Drake and Betty Rhodes.

"Salute For Three" is his last picture for the duration,

but he has one of those beautiful, charming deals with Paramount which guarantees him at least one year's work when he gets back from hostile points. And "Salute For Three" is the inescapable title for an important phase of the Carey life. Let's do a flash-back.

Let's pick up young Carey in his nursery at the advanced age of four. Mac was the son of a man who dealt in stocks, bonds and real estate, and who talked business in the presence of a precocious junior partner. Came the day when Father Carey had some important news for Macdonald. He was jovial about said news. Heartily, he said, "Well, son, guess what (*Please turn to page 70*)



From now on, he's Private Macdonald Carey, U. S. M. C. Here, at right, is a scene from his final motion picture before enlisting: "Salute For Three," with Betty Rhodes. Far right, wrapped in a blanket between "retiring" scenes for film, Carey phones his home from the set.



DON'T DEPEND ON *Glamor!*

Girls! Listen to Veronica Lake. The Peek-A-Boo blonde tells you how you can take glamor or leave it alone—and still do all right!

**By
Liza**

Practicing glamor here, but she doesn't have to! Frankest of Hollywood's famous femmes, Veronica gives all you girls the low-down on the glamor racket.

WHEN the University of Georgia football team visited Hollywood in January, following their victory over U.C.L.A. in the Rose Bowl, they were entertained at Paramount Studios by Y. Frank Freeman, a former Georgian. After lunch in the commissary and a tour of the lot the boys were told that next they would be taken on the "So Proudly We Hail" set where Veronica Lake was working. The Georgia Bulldogs went bow-WOW. They expected to see a sexy-looking doll with her hair over one eye and a skirt slit daringly to her waistline. (The Lake curves are far better known to most college boys than the equations in their

math books.) Instead they saw a serious young woman in a nurse's soiled uniform, cotton stockings with a tear in them, and sensible low-heeled shoes. Her face was streaked with dust, and her hair was in a frowsy knot on the back of her neck. Believe me, the Peek-A-Boo girl just narrowly missed being hit by a flock of falling jaws. The Bull-dogs couldn't have been more unhappy. Veronica, on the contrary, couldn't have been happier.

Veronica had to put up a terrific fight before her Paramount bosses would let her play the tragic little nurse in "So Proudly We Hail." It's a very minor part in the picture (Claudette Colbert and Paulette Goddard have the



Yes, she can get along without glamor—and she proves it in "So Proudly We Hail," in which she plays a war nurse (see closeups above, and at right below) without a trace of the sexy-looking glamor doll you know from previous pictures.

leads), but it's a highly dramatic part, and Veronica wanted it so badly she chewed her fingernails, literally. ("I'm still chewing them," she told me. "I'm so scared I won't be good.")

The front office boys, busily counting up receipts from "I Married a Witch," wherein Veronica did a mild strip tease, turned a deaf ear. Why should anyone with such perfect gams want to hide them in a nurse's uniform? "I want to be an actress," said Veronica whose soft voice can boom out loud and clear when the occasion demands. "Is there anything strange about that? It's all right to get a start in pictures by means of a trick hair-do and a slit skirt, and I am very grateful to a trick hair-do and a slit skirt, but to remain in pictures you have to be able to act. You can't depend on glamor on the screen, no more than you can in life."

A pretty sharp girl for twenty-two.

Well, the producers finally saw her point of view. They handed her the part. Veronica pinned up her hair. Bit her fingernails. And worked herself right into a major appendectomy.

"Why," I asked the season's loveliest convalescent, a week or so ago, "why did you say you can't depend on glamor?"

Veronica adjusted her pillows, flipped the hair out of her eye, and talked. "No girl should depend on glamor," she said, "because glamor doesn't last. Age defeats it completely. No cosmetiqueen, no matter how talented or expensive, can keep a chin from sagging, or wrinkles from gathering. If a girl's entire happiness depends upon her glamor, she's got a lot of sorrow in store for her when she reaches a certain age. There's nothing so pathetic as a woman trying to look twenty when she's forty. And she certainly isn't fooling anyone but herself.

"Then, too, glamor never bears up very well when the unexpected happens. If all you have is a beautifully enameled surface, and you can't get to a beauty shop in time, you are bound to get caught out in many an embarrassing situation. A girl friend of mine, a secretary at one of the studios, was deep in suds one Sunday morning recently (we're all doing our laundry in Hollywood these servantless days) when her best beau arrived three hours before he was expected. (Please turn to page 87)





Pretty Marjorie Riordan, one of lucky "unknowns" chosen for fictional cast, is a "find." So, too, cute Margaret Early, top left. "Tex" Harrison, top right, is former world's champion cowboy, who appears opposite Miss Early.



"For the benefit of the uniformed men of the Armed Forces only" is New York's famous Stage Door Canteen. But you, and you, and you will be welcome to watch the proceedings in Sol Lesser's new film, staged against background of the glamorous place.



More than 40 "greats" of the entertainment world play themselves as hostesses, entertainers, waiters and dishwashers just as they do nightly at Canteen. Gypsy Rose Lee, above with Bill Terry and Cheryl Walker, and Helen Hayes, below, are just two.





"STAGE DOOR CANTEEN"



Great Lady of the theater Katharine Cornell plays her first movie scene, left, with Lou McAllister while Producer Lesser, left, and Director Borzage hover. Lower left, Marjorie and Margaret being amused by Kay Kyser.



Long and short of it! Playing sweethearts in "Stage Door Canteen" are Miss Early, not quite five feet small, and handsome Michael "Tex" Harrison, six feet three.





Warning to wolves! Your days in Hollywood are numbered if all the starlets follow Dona Drake's advice. She says: "Success depends upon the girl herself, not on men she dates"

By
Dona Drake

As told to
Jack Holland



Photo scoops of Dona, reading from far left; with Macdonald Carey at the studio, and at home on her day off.



Dona in the dog-house, above. Note names of her four pet spaniels. The demi-tasse star of "Salute For Three" wants everyone to know that her own name is pronounced "Dough-na" and not "Dah-na."



IT'S taken me over a year to know how to get along in Hollywood. Even at that, though, I consider myself lucky that I was able to learn as quickly as I did. There are quite a few people who have *never* learned how to get along in this fabulous town!

Today I can be more certain of my future in Hollywood. The breaks—after my mistakes were corrected—are beginning to come my way. With "Road to Morocco" under my belt and "Star Spangled Rhythm" released, the big jump is partly hurdled. And now that I'm actually playing myself in "Salute For Three" and am to do the lead

opposite Bob Hope in "Let's Face It," I can tell pretty well just how much I've learned about Hollywood. And how much I've learned from it. (Incidentally, I'm glad to be working in "Salute For Three" if for no other reason than that I get a chance to wear a dress on the screen for the first time and that it will let everyone know that my name is pronounced "Dough-na"—not "Dah-na.")

I think that I was able to get along in Hollywood better than some girls because I'm a very determined young lady. I've always been a fighter for what I want. That is undoubtedly a throwback to my career before I went into pictures.

I started out in show business at thirteen. My sister and I danced at the Paradise Restaurant in New York at the time.

Even though I was only thirteen, I acted and looked older. Not that I was trying to fool anyone about my age. I simply had made up my mind that I was going to be an actress and I was going to begin early—even if my beginning was as a dancer. (Please turn to page 74)

HOW TO GET ALONG IN HOLLYWOOD



Dinah Shore

CATCHING UP WITH CROSBY



Photos above and right by Jean Duval

Busy Bing, above, shows a model P-38 to a sailor. Right, he duets with Ginny Simms on radio show short-waved to troops abroad. Below, Bing's youngest son, Lindsay, has birthday celebration on Paramount's "Dixie" set and cuts his cake while director Eddie Sutherland and brothers Gary, Phillip, and Dennis look on. Bing's in black-face for musical number in new film.



Feast for your eyes: the luscious lovelies who parade in M-G-M's musical starring Red Skelton and Lucille Ball. P. S. All in Technicolor, too!



Du Barry

BEAUTIES

If you want the answer to "What is so rare as a day in June?" turn left to look at Hazel Brook. Below, statuesque Natalie Draper poses as March. For the rest of the calendar cuties, you'll have to see M-G-M's new picture, "Du Barry Was A Lady."



First identifying the girls on opposite page: large picture introduces Eve Whitney, posing as "August" in the Glamor Calendar number. Theo Coffman, distinctive beauty with the silver-streaked hair, is February (for St. Valentine). Kay Aldridge is seen as April.



"SIGHTED SIREN, SANK SAME!"



You can't beat the Navy! Won belle, and all is well. Glenn Ford, playing a boatswain's mate in "Destroyer," has pretty Marguerite Chapman as his leading lady. Pictures at left are an off-stage playlet

New port, new girl. Just cruising at the moment, but Marguerite knows by the signal lights in his eyes that he will pick up speed.

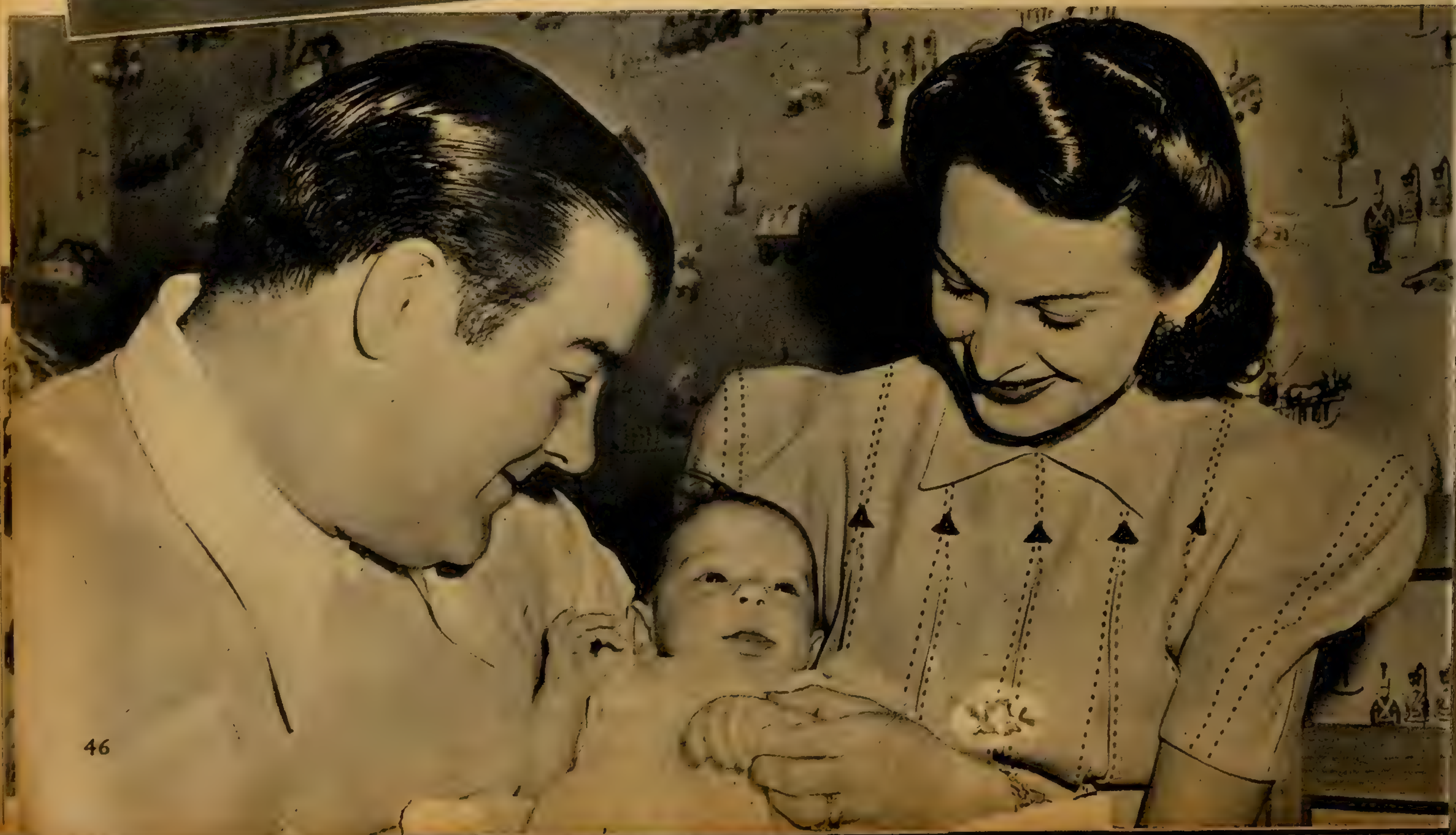
Man your battle stations! Destroyer tactics seem to be to pick an objective, but Marguerite isn't a sailor's daughter for nothing.

Breakers ahead! Glenn is in a mood for osculation, while Marguerite prefers arbitration. But—see below—you can't beat the Navy.





INTRODUCING LOU COSTELLO, Jr.





"Costello Productions are privileged to announce the World Premiere of their third production, 'Louis Francis Costello, Jr.' Sneak-previewed at Good Samaritan Hospital, November 6th, 1942. Produced by Anne Costello. Directed by Lou Costello. Released by Dr. Robert Fagan. Footage: 19 inches. Shipping weight: 6 lbs., 2 oz. First public showing to be announced later. No further production scheduled." From birth announcement sent to friends by Mr. and Mrs. Costello.

*Pearls express you
— enchantingly*

But be sure you choose
glowing, colorful, flattering
DELTAH PEARLS*, so like
Orientals in beauty,
lustre, iridescence. Bracelets
and earrings, too.
At better jewelers.

**simulated*

Deltah Pearl Button Earrings



Betty Hutton
Co-starring in Paramount's
"HAPPY GO LUCKY"

Deltah Pearls

WORLD'S FINEST REPRODUCTIONS*

Created by L. Heller and Son, Inc., Fifth Avenue, New York

This IS first public showing (exclusive photos) of Costello baby; opposite page with proud parents. Below, papa Lou with daughters Carole and Patricia Ann.



"LEGS" ARTHUR

Demure Missy Jean
does a Dietrich,
exposes shapely
underpinnings on
screen in "The
More the Merrier"

Jean plays an enterprising gal in war-crowded Washington, with Joel the prize catch. Eight other girls are more or less patiently waiting to dance with hard-to-get McCrea but Jean, as you imagine she would, wins—not only on the dance floor, but for keeps (see photos on facing page).

"CHESTY" McCREA

Usually staid Joel McCrea gets into a "Tarzan" mood (minus the yell) in romantic comedy with Jean Arthur





The suit's the thing! Above, fashion news in the black and white checked vest highlighting bright yellow wool jacket. Below, brown and white polka dot blouse, turban, and gloves enliven brown wool suit.



Above, dressy suit in soft blue wool, with silk blouse gaily embroidered in sparkling jewel tones, topped by bonnet draped with chiffon scarf. Below, bed-time fashion in beige trimmed with brown rick-rack.



Garland sings of young,
gay fashions! She poses
here in her pets from the
clothes collection designed
especially for her to wear
in "Presenting Lily Mars"

Judy's summer dinner gown is pale
pink chiffon with a tailored bodice,
contrasted by a sweeping skirt
gay with hand-painted flowers in
all the shades of the rainbow.

Springtime
FOR JUDY!

Youth IN ARMS

Young players in "We've Never Been Licked," filmed at Texas A & M College, tell stirring story of youth's gallant acceptance of today's challenge



Universal



"Seek, strike, destroy!" is motto of Major General Andrew Bruce, commanding general of Camp Hood Tank Destroyer, with Martha O'Driscoll, Anne Gwynne.



Starlets get reception, above. Martha, below, leads Texas Aggie Band and rooters at Texas U-Aggies football game.



Anne Gwynne is bright particular starlet of Walter Wanger's new film, with Richard Quine, shown with her above, as the young hero.

PEARLS OF FASHION



Paramount's Susan Hayward, who has gorgeous titian hair, accents a dressy afternoon frock with a single strand of pearls and earclips.

Another monopoly is broken up and without government order! The oyster no longer makes the beautiful pearls. Man watched . . . and copied . . . and now there are brilliant gleaming pearls, man-made replicas of genuine orientals with a lustre and iridescence to make the mildest oyster gnash his teeth . . . if he had teeth. So today you may wear this most useful of all jewels . . . in your ears, around your throat, or your wrist. Pearls are notorious face flatterers! They go handsomely with prints; glow on plain fabrics; are equally at home with your hand-knits or most glamorous of evening fabrics.

Pretty blonde Marie McDonald of Paramount's "Lucky Jordan" dramatizes her leaf-patterned print dress with Deltah "replica" pearls.





The loveliest hands on the screen! Whose? Joan Bennett's, of course. And here they are at her favorite off-hour task . . . knitting.

HANDS AT WORK

By
Josephine Felts

IMAGINE! Uncle Sam can read much of his fortune right in your hands! That is how important they are, those hard-at-work hands of yours that are busy these days helping win the war.

Let's have a look at them. Are they lovely as Joan Bennett's, a prize-winning pair; slender, shapely and strong although tiny, like Mary Martin's; or blessed with long tapering fingers like Betty Rhodes'? However they look, they should be always practical, skillful, busy hands. For these are the only beautiful ones today.

Your hands are a barometer showing how much you think of yourself. You want them looking smart and ready-to-go! This has nothing to do with their shape, or how pretty they are. But it has a great deal to do with grooming, and with your manicure.

In giving yourself a home manicure, take off your polish first. Then begin by filing the nail to the proper shape.

You'll meet Joan soon again in "Margin For Error" which she has made for Twentieth-Century Fox. Notice her beautiful hands.

Massage is a wonderful finger exercise, says Betty Rhodes whom you'll be seeing soon in the Paramount "Salute For Three."

This is best done first, because presently you are going to soak your hands in warm soapy water and you want to file while the nail is hard, not after water has softened it up. It is so much easier to get the shape you want at this time. Always file toward the center of the nail and don't file too close to the outside edge.

Remember in filing your nails that while it is impossible for you to alter the actual shape of your hands, there is much you can do to make them look longer, more slender than they are. File your nails to a smooth oval, never to a sharp point. Should you file them straight across you will make your hands look stubby and blunt. Oval, is half way between these two and the suitable shape for today.

Next, soak your hands in warm water and scrub the hands and under the nails with a good vigorous swish. You own, we hope, a good nail brush. Get the nails super-clean. Then go to work with your orange wood stick. Never use your nailfile to clean under the nails. You cannot use metal for this without scratching the in-

Mary Martin makes a very spirited muffin! This glamorous Paramount star whose next film is "True To Life," loves her kitchen.



side of the nail. And then that line on the nail that you have drawn with your file, even though you cannot see it, stays right there and catches all the dirt that comes near. You wonder why it is that your nails are so dirty again so soon! And this scratched-in dirt is terribly hard to get out. It's "in the groove" and it means to stay there!

Next go after the cuticle with your orange wood stick. Push it back gently and rub off dead skin. You will want to trim away any little hangnails. Do this with a good pair of nail scissors or manicure clippers if you are so fortunate as to own any. And remember do not cut cuticle itself!

Suppose you have broken your nail sometime recently and it seems to crack on and on down. Perhaps to remedy this you have used an emery board thinking it will do a better job for this delicate operation than your file. Don't! Because the little sandy specks from the emery board have a way of working down into the crack and spreading it farther. The only way to cure this difficulty is to cut the nail a nice clean cut or to file off the break. Most nail breaks are caused by carelessness and as they are very uncomfortable as well as unsightly—a wise girl avoids this. You can get little finger guards to protect a broken nail while you work until it has had a chance to grow out again.

With hands doing more work than ever before it pays to keep the palm and back of the hand in the pink of condition. No good workman neglects his tools. Your hands are your tools and you will do better work with them if they are supple as well as strong. They need not become roughened or calloused if you keep a good hand cream or lotion close at hand and use it regularly. This means of course after every washing.

To soften callouses, rub a little cream or lotion into them each night. Then draw on a pair of loose cotton gloves and sleep with them on. You'll be amazed to see the callouses go in a few short weeks.

If you are working in a war plant and are getting your hands grimy with grease, you will want to have on hand some of the grease solvents. Some very good ones of this kind that do a real rescue job have been developed.

One smart trick of the stars is to supplement hand cream or lotion with the rest of the good nourishing cream which you use on your face and throat. Massage it gently into your hands. (Today nothing must be wasted.) While you're about it give your elbows a rub with it too!

In massaging start at the tips of the fingers as if you were drawing on a pair of new gloves. Incidentally, this will help keep your fingers supple.

When your hands get stiff and tired from working, take a minute off and shake them hard from the wrist. This, together with the finger massage, will shake the kinks out of them.

Now to the matter of polish. It is an art to put polish on smartly; one you will do well to practice a bit. Always do your right hand first! The concentration you employ in putting on polish is a strain and before you finish your hand may shake a little. Let the left hand do its job before you have a chance to tire. The right hand is stronger and will be all ready to go to work when the polish is on the left one.

Outline the half moon at the base first. Then with a quick sure stroke carry the polish up first one side then the other doing the middle of the nail last. Get just the right amount of polish on your brush. Too little will streak, too much is wasteful and will bunch up. Then with a free finger, take the polish off the tip of the nail in just a hair line. This is to help prevent chipping and cracking.

Let the hand you have finished dry first
(Continued on page 64)

GUIDE TO GLAMOR

News in the beauty world today reminds us
that our good looks need never be rationed



"Follow Me" is a young, a gay, a lively perfume, which is probably the reason so many young, gay and lively girls prefer it. It is in most attractive packages.

WE WOULD like to introduce the new member of a gay and lively family: the fine soap, scented with "Follow Me," by Varva, a perfume the young set is rushing. Well we know that words don't describe perfume. You must experience it for yourself. But this is one which leads an exciting life. You may have it in any one of a number of attractive packages, two of which, the De Luxe half-ounce size, and the smaller pearl bottle, set in a cunning hat box with leatherette strap, are shown above. Don't forget the extra use of a pleasant scented soap such as this one: put the cakes you are not using in with your lingerie or handkerchiefs to make them sweet.

HOWEVER you are doing your hair this spring keep it bright and shining. Your brush helps you do this as every beauty-wise girl knows. Nestle's Colorinse used after your shampoo is another aid to brighten shining locks. Not only does it rinse away soap film, but it makes your hair softer and silkier. Pick the shade which most nearly matches your own hair. You'll find it adds sparkle, interest and a richness of tone. Let yours be the bright hair other girls envy.

NOW, you can pour yourself a pair of stockings which look like sheer silk hose; be confident that they will keep looking right without worry about streaking or rubbing off. Miner's Liquid Make-Up for the legs is made on a new, improved formula designed for smoothness, speed and ease of application. You'll be surprised at the way it stays on without rubbing off or streaking. It's waterproof. See if it isn't the answer to your hosiery problem . . . the really perfect leg make-up, at last. There are two special hosiery shades—Rose Beige and Golden Mist.

EVERY minute of our lives our skin is in the process of renewing itself. As the old saying goes you have a completely new one every seven years. This means that the top, outer layer is constantly drying up and disappearing as the new fresh skin is formed underneath. Golden Peacock Bleach Crème is a product which helps get rid of this "outer skin." And until we are rid of it, the outworn skin acts as a dull

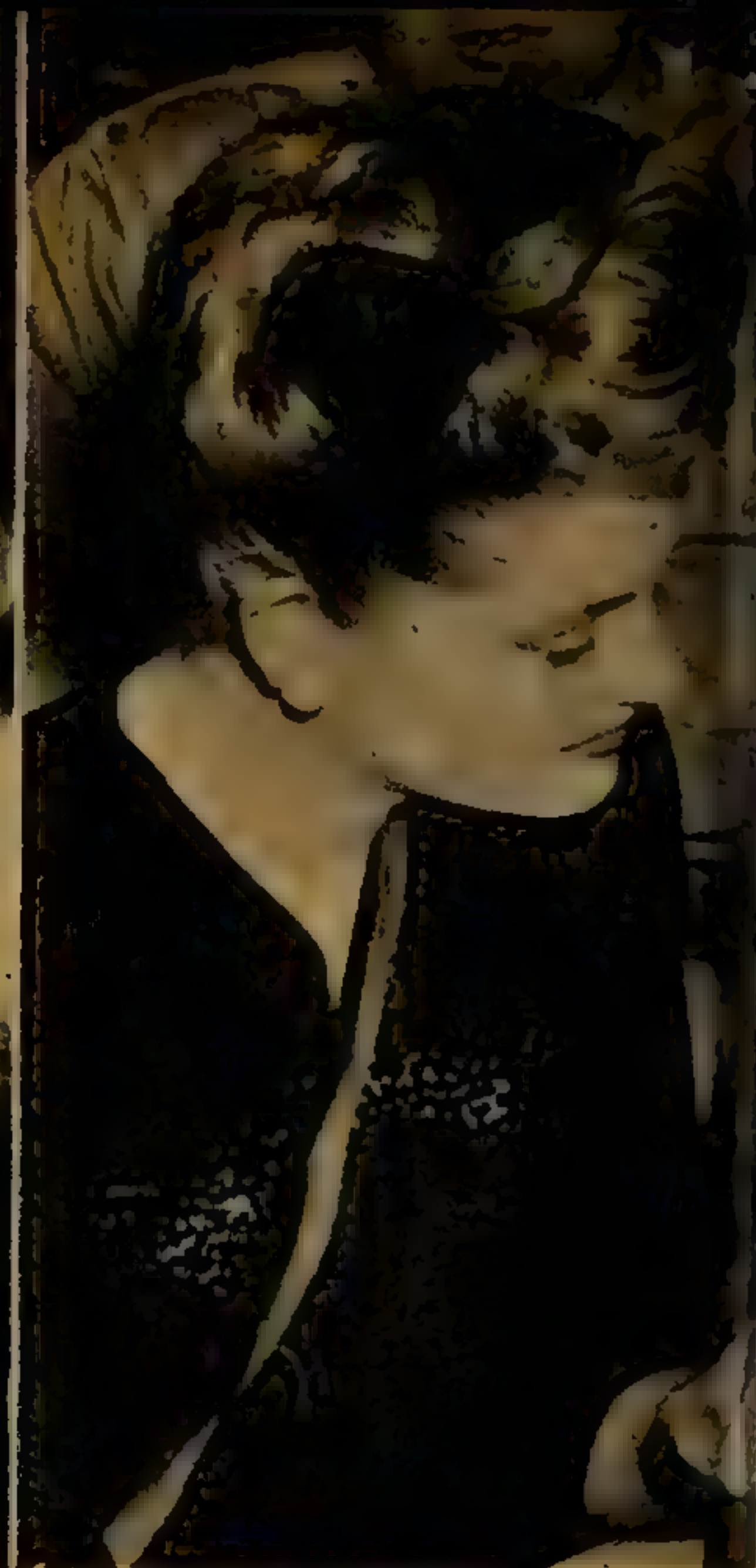
veil between us and the complexion we ought to have. I know that you usually think of a bleach as something to use in the fall to remove suntan. Golden Peacock Bleach Crème is good for this bleaching purpose too, but it does much more. It helps make your skin ready for spring. Incidentally, it is a very effective aid in removing black-heads.

THERE is news for you Early American Old Spice fans! Another one of those delightful Old Spice packages, this time a Tissue Box. It is in the attractive design with which you are so familiar and you can put your favorite brand of tissues inside it. It comes as the container of three cakes of toilet soap plus that wonderful tube of talcum powder. A fine present for your hostess or a treat for yourself.

OF COURSE, much as we would like to believe that a new make-up will help win the war, we are sorry to say that we know it won't. But it will make you prettier, of that we are sure. So here's Dorothy Gray with a new matched make-up called Red Letter Red, packaged to look for all the world like an R. F. D. mail box. In it you find the new lipstick, a rosy-bright, blue red with rouge to match; nail polish, and half the regular size of Special Blend Powder. It is a combination which budget-minded girls will go for, because it puts all necessary make-up items, harmonized to each other, right into your hands in one fell swoop.



Red Letter Red, a glorious bright lipstick shade keynotes a new Dorothy Gray ensemble.



**Candid by
Jean Duval
Gossip by
Weston East**

HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

MARRIAGE must wait for Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell—but only until they know their future plans. Glenn will be a Marine by the time this reaches print. Eleanor has one more picture and then she will be free from M-G-M. By that time Glenn will know where he is to be stationed. Eleanor is determined to give up her career and concentrate on the home of her own she has longed for. So contrary to that columnist's report (who was sore because she didn't get the scoop on the engagement) Glenn and Ellie are still very much in love and looking forward to their wedding day.

THE more unhappy Judy Garland gets, the better actress she seems to become. The day she announced her matrimonial va-



The boys at the Hollywood Canteen have just about exhausted Betty Grable, top, but who can blame them—a fellow doesn't always get a chance to cut a rug with a movie star. Left, though separated, the Red Skeltons appeared together at the March of Dimes show. Judy Garland and hubby Dave Rose separated the day after attending Laraine Day's party, below.





Above left, Alexis Smith, one of the stars who helps spread cheer to Uncle Sam's boys at the Hollywood Canteen, also got a chance to entertain her own soldier boy friend, Craig Stevens, whom Alexis says she'll marry after the war is over. Above, the happy newlyweds, agent Vic Orsatti and cute starlet Marie McDonald, proudly display their wedding bands.

cation from David Rose, they sneak-pre-viewed "Presenting Lily Mars." At the end of the picture the audience applauded and cheered. Pale, thin and definitely showing the marks of suffering, Judy is a constant source of worry to her bosses. Kinda cute on Spencer Tracy's part. He took Judy and two girl friends to Romanoff's for dinner. Spence knocked himself out, trying to be gay and amusing.

EVEN when he was criticized for not being in the service, Bob Taylor said nothing. But when the time came and he was qualified, Bob volunteered in the aviation transport division of the Naval Air Force. Today he is wearing the insignia of lieutenant (j. g.). While awaiting orders to report for training, Bob is attending flight school at Blythe, California. Roger Pryor (Ann Sothorn's ex) who helped Bob pass his civilian tests, is again his instructor. Hollywood is just as proud of Bob as Barbara Stanwyck is.

HOLLYWOOD commentators are making life miserable for Alexis Smith. "Craig Stevens and I are not secretly

married," says Alexis. "We won't marry until after the war. If I change my mind I'll be proud to tell everyone." That settles that—we hope!

IT'S a long time between now and September—which is the month that John Loder will be legally free to marry Hedy Lamarr. So don't be too surprised if John establishes a residence in Nevada or Mexico and gets his own divorce in a hurry. So quiet has been their romance, Hollywood hasn't taken it seriously. John has been wonderful for Hedy, especially through the difficult period when she was suing M-G-M over salary disagreement. Hedy, believe it or not, loves a home and hearth, both close to John's heart. So maybe it won't be long now.

GINGER ROGERS evidently doesn't believe in doing things by halves. Before her marriage to Jack Briggs, Ginger stayed home five nights a week. When she did go out she'd always seek an inconspicuous corner of a night-club. An interview with Ginger on anything personal was sheer agony for a writer. Suddenly she has decided to have fun. She was out the first three nights

Zany antics of his wife, Gracie Allen, and that ace comic, Red Skelton, amused George Burns at the March of Dimes party, above. Wonder where Skelton got the military headpiece.

following her marriage and dancing as she has *never* danced before! She gave out interviews, talked freely, while studio associates gasped. Whatever it was Ginger was afraid of, it seems to be gone. And how!

CLARK GABLE only visits Walter and "Fieldsie" Lang when he is in Hollywood. "Fieldsie," you know, was Carole Lombard's best friend and former secretary. Clark looks wonderful these days. He's gained back all the weight he lost during his rigorous officer's training stint. The Langs had a few people in to meet Clark, during his last visit. Bob Sterling, on leave from Santa Ana, was among those present. Clark greeted Bob like a long-lost brother. They actually were brothers in the picture Clark was making when he received the tragic news that changed the course of his life. Clark and Bob have been good friends ever since.

ERROL FLYNN has been exonerated of the charges against him. Practically a few minutes after the verdict, letters, telegrams, messages began pouring in at the Warner Studio. Finally, they had to put on

Chief cause of familiar sight of servicemen clamoring for autographs of film stars (see them at right with Deanna Durbin at the Canteen): they're collecting the signatures for the girls back home. Although George Montgomery continues to squire Dinah Shore around town, below, they still say it's not love—just good friends enjoying each other's company!





Alice Faye and Cesar Romero, above, study scripts for "Mail Call" transcription which is sent to our boys in the service in remote places. Right, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Henreid at the Laraine Day party.



two extra boys in the mail room to handle the avalanche. All of which proves that a public hero can do no wrong. If anyone expected Errol to kid or clown about the whole thing, he was due for disappointment. His first day back on the lot found a serious Errol going about his business and trying hard to forget the whole unpleasant mess.

WELL, Lana Turner has her annulment from Stephen Crane. Custody of the expected child was given, with rights of visitation by Crane. The degree specifically stated that the annulment will in no way "affect the legitimacy of any such child." So now what? Lana is out of the hospital and looking much better. She won't do a picture until after the baby is born. She won't say whether she intends marrying Crane again.

IF EVER there was a sensitive Ladd, his first name is Alan. That's why it's remarkable how he's adjusting himself to Army life. Fortunately for Alan, he's stationed in Culver City, which is close to home. But he never knows when they are going to transfer him. Alan is taking orders, doing K. P. and even eating despite his continued lack of appetite. To the men in his company, he's tops.

NEVER let it be said that Bette Davis lacks a sense of humor. After "Old Acquaintance" was finished, Bette threw a party for the cast and crew. To director Vincent Sherman, who really behaved magnificently during the Davis-Hopkins feud, Bette presented a huge package. When Vince opened it he found a pair of boxing gloves inside. Bette's name was on one. Miriam's name on the other. After the laugh had died down, Bette announced to Sherman that he was going to direct her in "Mr. Skeffington." Everyone started cheering.

WHAT gives with Evelyn Ankers and Richard Denning? Reports have it that their recent marriage bears watching. To these wise old eyes, everything looks quite rosy. Just another rumor—perhaps!

IT'S Jack Benny's story about Veronica Lake and Wendell Willkie. According to Jack, those two famous hair-dos sat next to each other at a banquet and neither ever saw the other!

BING CROSBY was describing a man about Hollywood whom everyone loves to hate. "He's the kind of guy," cracked

Bing, "who would marry Hedy Lamarr for her money!"

UNLESS they change their minds *again*, Ava Gardner will no longer continue her real-life rôle of Mrs. Mickey Rooney. As consolation, the pretty girl from North Carolina has been loaned out to Monogram where she will play her first big leading rôle. Years ago, before he was the famous Mick of the day, Ava's husband was trying to get a break at this same studio. "Ghosts in the Night" is the name of Ava's picture. Here's hoping she won't be haunted by unpleasant memories.

HERE'S hoping 'tis rumor, not fact, that Jon Hall and Frances Langford are on the verge of a separation. Friends of Frances say that she's trying her best to hide her hurt feelings. In between scenes over at Paramount, Jon is usually on the telephone. So it seems he's still very attentive. Those two have been so happy. Probably it's just their turn to be a target.

AS HER contribution to the war effort, Ann Sothorn has taken to making her own clothes. On Valentine's day Bob Sterling presented her with a gold thimble.



Now that Vic Mature is in the Coast Guard, Rita Hayworth must content herself with having her secretary, Mrs. Harold Rose, and Louis Shurr as escorts. Below, Orson Welles and Agnes Moorehead.



RECENT FILMS REVIEWED IN A FLASH!

STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM—Paramount. Super musical crammed with comedy and celebrities. Victor Moore as the gateman of Paramount Studio masquerading as the head of the film company to show sailor son Eddie Bracken and pals the sights. The studio is turned upside down by Betty Hutton and a big show put on by the greatest stars. Bob Hope as the master of ceremonies; stars include Crosby, Lamour, Goddard, Ladd, Lake, MacMurray. See it.

RANDOM HARVEST—M-G-M. James Hilton's great love story becomes a memorable motion picture. Greer Garson and Ronald Colman give splendid performances as the gallant actress and the shell-shocked soldier whom she befriends. Susan Peters, brilliant newcomer, gives an outstanding performance. This film ranks with "Goodbye Mr. Chips," in interest and importance.

AIR FORCE—Warner Bros. Exciting entertainment. An excellent fictional account of American history in the making. This is the story of the Flying Fortress, nicknamed the "Mary Ann" by her courageous crew. The heroic adventures of the "Mary Ann" after thrilling brushes with the Japs are stirring set forth by a splendid cast including John Garfield, Harry Carey, Gig Young, John Ridgely. Magnificent photography.

THEY GOT ME COVERED—Samuel Goldwyn-RKO. A nitwit newshawk on the trail of Nazi saboteurs comically complicated by Bob Hope hilariously falling into a nest of spies and safely out again. Uproarious climax has the inimitable Hope rounding up the ring single-handed, and you rolling in the aisles. Bob, Dorothy Lamour as his long-suffering girl friend, Otto Preminger, Marion Martin, cute Phyllis Ruth are on their toes every minute.

ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON—RKO-Radio. You won't want to miss this! Ginger Rogers teamed for the first time with Cary Grant, and both give grand performances—Ginger as an American girl married to a Nazi baron, Cary as a newspaper man. Between them they expose the baron and further the cause of democracy, not to mention cupid. Has witty, original dialogue. Good entertainment.

CASABLANCA—Warners. With a front page title, an exciting spy plot, and excellent performances by a superlative cast—this is a "must." Humphrey Bogart plays a café proprietor in French Morocco who, under the guise of cold indifference, helps refugees to escape from the Nazis. It's fast, suspenseful stuff with Bogart at his best. Beautiful Ingrid Bergman is seen as the girl he loves. Claude Rains, Paul Henreid in cast.

IN WHICH WE SERVE—United Artists. Magnificent war drama—produced, directed, written, starred in by Noel Coward—records the exploits of a British destroyer, *Torin*, and her heroic crew in the historic battle off Crete. Tremendously moving, this is truly an inspired epic. Coward and fellow players are superb.

SHADOW OF A DOUBT—Universal. Alfred Hitchcock's gripping mystery drama is packed with shivers and full of suspense. A daughter of a typical American family idolizes her "visiting" Uncle Charlie until his strange behavior makes her suspicious. She discovers that the uncle for whom she was named is a murderer. Teresa Wright, fine as the horror-stricken girl; Joseph Cotten, splendid as the charming but terrifying Uncle.

COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN—Columbia. Stirring screen drama based on C. S. Forester's "The Commandos," depicting the plight of an invaded nation, with Paul Muni as the patriot who leads his people in revolt against the Nazis and, after escaping, returns to guide the British Commandos in a victorious raid which costs his life. Raids with actual trainees have authentic ring. Forceful war document. Skillful performance by Muni. Capable support by Anna Lee and Lilian Gish. Don't miss it.

JOURNEY FOR MARGARET—M-G-M. W. L. White's best-selling book about two young British blitz victims, has been fashioned into a fine, if weepy film. Robert Young gives his best performance as the sympathetic correspondent whose valiant efforts to bring the children, *Margaret* and *Peter* (Billy Severn), back to America with him provides scenes of powerful appeal, particularly little Margaret O'Brien's outbursts.

HAPPY GO LUCKY—Paramount. Gay spontaneous movie fun! It's one long, hearty laugh from the time Mary Martin and Betty Hutton arrive on a Caribbean isle and meet Dick Powell

and Eddie Bracken. Mary's fortune hunt for Rudy Vallee and Betty's frank pursuit of reluctant Eddie lead to hilarious situations, accompanied by smart new songs, delightfully sung. The Hutton-Bracken team is sure-fire for explosive comedy. See this.

WHO DONE IT?—Universal. Abbott and Costello appear as soda dispensers aspiring to become radio script writers. Let loose in a radio station where a mystery play is being enacted they crash a real murder with chubby Lou finally tracking down the killer after a bloodcurdling chase. High spot: Costello's telephone booth tantrum. Louise Albritton, William Bendix, Patric Knowles lend good support. Funniest A-C so far!

THE IMMORTAL SERGEANT—20th Century-Fox. Realistic war drama about the exploits of heroic soldiers lost in the Libyan desert. Henry Fonda is at his best as the Corporal who takes over command when the Sergeant (Thomas Mitchell) dies. The Sergeant's memory helps Fonda in making important decisions and in encounters with the enemy. A man's picture, with a love story for the ladies told in flashbacks, showing Fonda reminiscing back to happier romantic days with Maureen O'Hara.

YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER—Columbia. Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth stage a joyous reunion in this super-duper dance and music show. Rita, as an icy South American beauty, Fred as a Broadway hooper stranded in Buenos Aires. Jerome Kern tunes, played by Xavier Cugat's orchestra. Tops among the musicals.

THE BLACK SWAN—20th Century-Fox. If you want sheer escapist film fare, here's your picture. Raphael Sabatini's swashbuckling yarn of piratical practices in the Spanish Main make a riproaring adventure movie with Tyrone Power in the lusty rôle of the daredevil captain. Maureen O'Hara is the gorgeous heroine.

TENNESSEE JOHNSON—M-G-M. An entertaining and instructive screen biography of Andrew Johnson, only U. S. President ever to face impeachment charges. Van Heflin forcefully portrays the Vice President who became President when Lincoln was assassinated, and who fought to carry out his predecessor's policies. Picture points out that unity must prevail now, as then. Highlights: impeachment trial and fights from Senate floor. Lionel Barrymore, Ruth Hussey in cast. For grown-ups.

THE POWERS GIRL—United Artists. Romantic musical glorifying long-stemmed American beauties of the John Powers model agency featuring Carole Landis, George Murphy, Anne Shirley, and Dennis Day, also a collection of Powers pretties. Miss Landis scores as the ambitious model; Day's melodious voice heard in his song numbers; but George Murphy over-acts as the photographer. Amusing Alan Mowbray plays the Powers part.

SILVER SKATES—Monogram. A musical on ice with entertainment for young and old. The financial problems of an ice show and the romances of its members, introducing spectacular skating sequences and solos by wizards of the blades: Belita, sensational star; her partner, Eugene Turner, champion figure skater; Frick and Frack, riotous comedians; and a graceful skating chorus. Kenny Baker, fine as band leader; Patricia Morison, good as show's producer and girl Kenny loves. Good tonic for tired nerves.

WHITE CARGO—M-G-M. Hedy Lamarr in her brief costume as *Tondeleyo*, little terror of the tropics, is chief attraction of this drama of white men disintegrating in the brutal climate and boredom. Hedy gives a sizzling performance as the halfbreed who drives her victims to distraction. Walter Pidgeon, good as the tough overseer who is immune to her charms. Hedy's dance alone is worth admission price. Richard Carlson, fine.

I MARRIED A WITCH—Cinema Guild-U.A. Triumph for Veronica Lake, this picturization of Thorne Smith's last novel is a rare treat for those who enjoy film fantasy. Veronica, as a lovely ghost, returns to haunt the 1942 incarnation of the man (Fredric March), who caused her to be burned at the stake in 1670. It's all fine, imaginative fun. See it by all means.

NOW, VOYAGER—Warners. Women will like this drama of suppressed desires, in which the inhibited daughter of a domineering mother fights for the freedom to live her own life. It is the best Bette Davis movie in a long time. Paul Henreid, as the lover, Claude Rains, as her doctor, and Gladys Cooper, tops in a fine cast.

FOR ME AND MY GAL—M-G-M. A sentimental film musical about the old vaudeville days, with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, George Murphy as troupers touring the sticks with an eye on the Palace. Song-and-dance acts are well done. Old favorite tunes will bring back memories to oldtimers and thrill youngsters. Judy gives a knockout performance as the girl who gives up boy friend Gene (also a hit in his rôle) because he's unpatriotic. You must see this fine film.

LUCKY JORDAN—Paramount. Alan Ladd is featured in this exciting film about the regeneration of a gangster chief who deserts when he can't buy his way out of the Army and gets mixed up with Nazi agents. He hands them over to the FBI and returns to the Army when his dormant patriotism is aroused. Ladd gives a smooth, convincing performance. Helen Walker heads a fine supporting cast. Has suspense.

MRS. MINIVER—M-G-M. Jan Struther's book about the British wife and mother who could "take it" has been made into a great motion picture. It's a masterful message of courage and a fundamental lesson in fortitude. Greer Garson rises to heights in a poignant performance. Walter Pidgeon is splendid as the husband.

MY SISTER EILEEN—Columbia. The screen version of the long-running Broadway play is one long laugh, as it pictures two sisters from Columbus, Ohio, in the Big City, their struggles to succeed as writer and actress. Rosalind Russell gives her gayest performance as the big sister, with Janet Blair a bewitching *Eileen*. Brian Aherne is in it, too. Don't miss this.

ROAD TO MOROCCO—Paramount. Bing and Bob are on the road again. This time it leads to Morocco where they meet Dorothy Lamour, a princess, and very seductive in Oriental raiment, who throws over her sheik for Crosby and Hope. If you liked the other "Road" films, don't miss seeing this—it's funnier than the first two. It's tuneful, gay; will put you in a cheery mood.

THE CRYSTAL BALL—United Artists. A gay, romantic farce in which a beautiful but poor girl tries to win a handsome attorney away from the wealthy widow he is planning to marry. Paulette Goddard pinch-hits for *Madame Zenobia*, a phony crystal gazer, and gives Ray Milland mystic advice, thereby helping her own romantic campaign. Sparkling performances by Paulette and Milland, and Virginia Field fine as the dashing widow. See it and forget your troubles.

ONE OF OUR AIR CRAFT IS MISSING—Korda-U.A. This war film, based on facts, tells the thrilling story of an English bomber crew that is forced to bail out over Holland after a raid on Germany and shows the courageous friendly Dutch people assisting the men in hair-raising escapes to England. Eric Portman, Godfrey Tearle, Hugh Williams, Bernard Miles are fine as the air men. Realistic. Don't miss it.

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—Warners. This story of the late George M. Cohan's life is a great screen show. A triumph for Jimmy Cagney, perfectly cast as the showman, coloring a clever rôle with his own inimitable zest and humor. All-American entertainment to stir you to tears and excite you to cheers. Walter Huston, Joan Leslie, Jeanne Cagney, Rosemary DeCamp, Irene Manning, Richard Whorf in cast.

THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES—Sam Goldwyn-U.A. This splendid screen tribute to a fine American has deep emotional appeal, stressing the private life of the Lou Gehrigs rather than the excitement of his public career, but the most rabid baseball fan will enjoy it. Gary Cooper gives a great performance as Gehrig. Teresa Wright, as Mrs. Gehrig, Babe Ruth, as himself, excellent. The great American sport glorified.

YOUNG AND WILLING—United Artists. A comedy about would-be actors who plot to interest a producer enough to have him sit through a rehearsal of their show. It turns out to be the producer's own play—his lost manuscript. Susan Hayward, Martha O'Driscoll, Barbara Britton and James Brown splendid as the stage-struck kids. Hilarious scenes with Eddie Bracken and laughs from Florence MacMichael, the prissy girl friend who disapproves of their way of living.

ARABIAN NIGHTS—Universal. A screen fantasy about the feud between the *Caliph of Bagdad* (Jon Hall) and his brother (Leif Erickson) who has Jon spirited away so he can become king. In Technicolor, glittering sands, colorful costumes are beautiful sights. Sabu, acrobat *Ali-Ben-Ali*, saves the *Caliph*. Maria Montez plays *Shera*, Oriental dancing girl made queen of Jon's harem, which has many curve-revealing beauties. Sword-play and slave market scenes supply thrills and action.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME—Universal. Lively musical with Allan Jones as *Johnny*, a soldier-hero who, in trying to avoid the spotlight, gives the impression that he is a deserter. Jane Frazee is the singer he loves; Gloria Jean, Peggy Ryan and Donald O'Connor are the talented kids who sing, cut rugs, and make merry while trying to bring the lovers together. 16-year-old Donald is a hit as a comic. Phil Spitalny's all-girl orchestra a special attraction. Entertaining.

Sergeant Autry's First 8 Months In The Army

Continued from page 29

have all quarterbacks, so in the Army, all the men can't be pilots. Each man has his place in the team. Each man has his place in the services, too. Be glad you have a chance to do what you're best at.

2. "If you're drafted, don't resent it. No man has any right to resent the fact that he has been called into service. We Americans have a job to do and it's best to get it over with as soon as possible.

3. "Do as little bellyaching as possible. If you bellyache, you'll convince yourself that things are terrible.

4. "Don't expect anyone to kowtow to you because of the kind of work you used to do in civilian life. In the Army we have everybody from every walk of life. Some of the men used to be day laborers; others were artists; others fine musicians. In uniform, they all look alike.

5. "Don't think it's smart to break rules. If you do violate rules, you'll only create trouble for yourself.

6. "Never behave, while on the field or off it, in such a way that people will think less of men in your branch of the service. If one soldier out of hundreds gets drunk and gets into fights, it reflects on everybody. Don't pigeonhole yourself in the small minority that is always misbehaving.

"If you take the right attitude toward it," Gene said earnestly, "the Army is good for you. I know it's been good for me. I used to have a thousand and one things on my mind. I would worry endlessly about the pictures I was making, my Rodeo show, my radio show and other enterprises. Now instead of those thousand and one things, I have just one thing on my mind, doing my bit in the Army. It has made me a more contented, more relaxed person.

"There may be some things about the Army that I didn't like—for instance, the lack of freedom in comparison with civilian life—but I'd hate to think after this war is over, that this country had been forced to fight in self-defense and I hadn't had a share in it. That's why I'm glad I'm in uniform!

"When you've been a civilian for a long time, the Army is something you have to get used to. For me the hardest part of Army life was getting used to the fact that I was no longer free to come and go as I pleased.

"It's hard for anyone who has been his own boss all his life to get used to this. Naturally, if you want to go anywhere, you have to get permission. But I soon discovered that you never have trouble getting permission, if you are on legitimate Army business. As for your personal affairs, Army men are allowed a three-day pass once a month; and every six months they may have a two weeks' furlough.

"A few of the men try to take advantage of their furloughs and passes by staying over their leave. When they do, they lose all their privileges. The moment a man starts violating Army rules, he's heading into trouble. If you break rules, you're creating headaches and heartaches for yourself.

"Most men realize this sooner or later, and cut out the nonsense. Even if they gripe at first, they awaken to the realization that our Army has a job to do, and every man in it has a share in that job. The best way to get it done is to do it right. And when they come to that realization, they generally get to feeling that being in the Army is not so bad after all. In fact, if you ask me, I think it's pretty swell. When this war began, there were too many fellows waiting for others to do the fighting. Probably before the war's over there will be ten million men in uniform. If all those fellows were to start crabbing and breaking rules, we wouldn't have the kind of Army we could be proud of.

"In one of the camps at which I was stationed there was a fellow who resented being in the Army very much. He was a roistering sort of person. To him rules seemed to be made just to be broken. If he was given leave, he invariably overstayed his leave. He didn't think it was any great crime to be A. W. O. L. When he came back from leave, he was almost invariably drunk.

When I came to Camp, he had been in the Army about seven months, and had spent a good portion of that time in the brig.

"Men like that are definitely in the minority in the Army, but after all, in an Army of several million men, there are bound to be a few fellows like that. At first, he just couldn't seem to learn that rules were made to be obeyed. But one day as he walked out of the guardhouse, he confided to a few of us, 'You can't buck the Army. For eight months, I've been breaking rules right and left. But what good has it done me? I've spent most of my time in the brig. And I'm sick and tired of it. If I'd been smarter, I'd have spent my time a lot more pleasantly. You can't beat the Army. You might as well walk the straight and narrow.'

"And believe it or not, that man actually did walk the straight and narrow path after that. From the worst roustabout in camp, he became an excellent soldier. Because he had made up his mind that he would break no more rules.

"So you see, a man can get along in the Army if he wants to. And if he wants to be a trouble-maker and have fights with everyone, he can do that, too.

"Most of the boys in the Army get along very well with each other. You seldom see men fighting or having arguments around a field. We men in the Army know that there is a war to be fought and won; and that all of us have to do our share in the fighting and winning. That leaves no time for petty fights and arguments."

Gene Autry was inducted into the Army on July 26. Shortly afterwards, he was sent to the Santa Ana Air Base in California. On his first day in the Army, he was sent over to the quartermaster's to get his uniform. The uniform felt mighty strange at first. For years Gene has been wearing cowboy hats and high-heeled boots, and in all that time he never wore a civilian suit for fear it would disillusion his fans. Naturally, after years of cowboy clothes, wearing a uniform seemed strange.

On his first day in camp, Gene also received the much-dreaded smallpox, typhoid and tetanus shots. Every man in the Army has to get these shots; and Gene told me that the old-timers take a ghoulish delight in telling rookies how terrible the ordeal is.

"I've heard," said Gene, "that in Los Angeles, the yard-birds of Fort MacArthur have put on a show called, 'Hey Rookie,' and in it Sterling Holloway gives a devastating picture of a man's first day in the Army. Sterling has his ears examined, and immediately afterwards, he gets an injection. Someone says to him, 'Read this chart,' and while he is trying to read it, he gets a shot. Soon he is half shot himself; and before the medical officers get through with their inoculations, he keels over in a faint.

"The sketch is exaggerated, of course; but there is a certain amount of truth in it. Some of the men don't take kindly to the inoculations. I have seen strapping six footers pass out after they received their three inoculations. But I think a lot of it was due to the fact that they had received a good deal of ribbing ahead of time and expected the shots to make them ill.

"I just told myself, 'All the other men in the Army have to take these shots, so I guess you can take them, too, Autry.' And those first three shots didn't seem half bad.

"A week later, I got my second typhoid shot. That was the first inoculation that really made me feel ill. I got a fever, and my arm felt very sore. Then, at regular intervals, I got other typhoid and tetanus shots. The typhoid shots come at weekly intervals; the tetanus shots, once in three



Screen star Martha Scott was one of the first to sign up as a blood donor in the theatrical participation in the Red Cross Blood Plasma Campaign, under the guidance of the War Activities Committee of the Motion Picture Industry. Above, Miss Scott receives moral and physical support from Seaman Paul Olesak as three Red Cross nurses look on.

MARTHA MONTGOMERY, popular daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Robert Montgomery of Clarksdale, Miss., is engaged to Lieutenant Herbert Slatery, Jr., of Knoxville, Tenn., now in the Army.

There's an enchanting sparkle about Martha's winsome face. Her blue eyes are so wide-awake, her complexion so fresh, so smooth. "Pond's Cold Cream is my one and only when it comes to complexion care," she says. "Nothing else seems to give my skin such a waked-up look, or to make it feel so clean and so soft."



HER RING is exquisite. The beautiful solitaire is a family stone, with perfect smaller diamonds set two on either side. Inside the platinum band is engraved: H.H.S.Jr. to M.L.M.—1942.

MARTHA'S COMPLEXION-CARE is delightfully simple. She smooths Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat . . . pats with little, swift pats to soften and release dirt and make-up—then tissues off well. She "rinses" with more Pond's for extra cleansing and softening. Tissues it off again.

Do this *every* night, and for daytime clean-ups. You'll see why Martha loves Pond's—why war-busy society beauties like Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan and Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels use it—why more women and girls in America use it than any other face cream.



A LETTER FROM HER SOLDIER FIANCE', now "somewhere overseas," lights Martha's charming face with a happy remembering look

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S

GETTING READY FOR A "CROCODILE" LINE—Martha rounds up a little group for practice evacuation drill. An accredited first-aid-er, Martha is especially interested in war-time care of small children.

"The busier I am," Martha says, "the more I depend on Pond's to help whisk away any tired look and make my face spic and span." You'll find Pond's Cold Cream at your favorite beauty counter. All sizes are popular in price. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money. *It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!*



weeks. I thought I was through with all my shots when one day a medical officer said to me, 'How come, Sergeant Autry, you've never had your first shots?'

"I had them," I said, 'the very first day I came to camp.'

"Sorry," said he, 'we have no record of your having had the first three inoculations.'

"So far as the Army is concerned, if it isn't on the records, you haven't had the shots. So for the sake of the records, I had to have the three shots all over again."

And so began Gene's life in the Army. Every morning he had to be up at six, like the other men in the Army Air Corps. This didn't bother Gene a bit. When he had been working in pictures, he had sometimes gotten up as early as four or four thirty, so that he'd have plenty of time to be made up for pictures. Of course, then Gene had been able to take his time about getting dressed. Now he had just ten minutes in which to do the job. But Gene has always been meticulously neat about his clothes. So it was no trouble at all for him to get used to keeping his shoes in their proper place in the bunk and to keeping his uniform in good order. No trouble at all, that is, except on a couple of occasions when his bunkmates tied all his clothes into knots. It wasn't so easy to get them untied in less than ten minutes. But Gene learned that this is a gag which is played on almost all Army men; and he was glad he was being treated like any other raw recruit.

He found it easy enough to make his bunk, for he had always made his own bunks when he had gone camping. Oh, of course, it hadn't been necessary to be quite so meticulous about it, but Gene didn't mind that. He has always liked to be neat.

When he was in Hollywood, Gene had usually gone to a shoe-polishing parlor when he wanted his shoes shined. In camp, he kept his own shoes dusted and polished.

Nobody treated him like a movie star, and he didn't want them to. Like the other men, he cleaned and dusted rooms, and went around the grounds picking up cigarette butts, when he was given ground police duty to do.

The Army has a way of handling men who hate to do cleaning and dusting. Short-

ly after the new recruits arrive in camp, some old-timer comes along and says, "Have any of you men done office work? I want three volunteers for office duty." Three men will volunteer quickly, sure they're going to be called upon for white collar tasks. And sure enough, they are ushered into an office. But invariably, the office work consists of making the office look spic and span by dusting the floors and washing the walls and emptying the trash baskets.

"One thing every Army man hates is k. p. or kitchen police," confided Gene. "That consists mostly of washing and drying dishes and pots. The old-timers always seek some way of assigning the rookies to k. p. And how the rookies hate it! I always dreaded it, too," laughed Gene.

I said, "Didn't your wife ever ask you to help out in the kitchen, Gene?"

"Oh, sure," Gene chuckled, "but washing and drying your own dishes is different." Millions of Army men will say "amen" to that.

Gene had heard so much about movie stars being kidded unmercifully in camps after they enlist that he wouldn't have been surprised if he had been subjected to that treatment. In fact, he was surprised that he wasn't. There were men from all stations of life in camp, and they saw no more reason for "riding" a movie star than they did for kidding a doctor or a dentist. As long as you are a regular guy, you're okay with them. Some of them told Gene that they didn't resent his being in the Army; but they did feel a shock at seeing him in a uniform, instead of in the familiar cowboy garb. And most of them showed a tremendous interest in the movie business and in movie personalities.

They'd question Gene about how movies are made and about their favorite movie personalities. Every soldier seemed to have a different favorite; but Gene was asked most often about Clark Gable, Betty Grable, Rosalind Russell and Lana Turner. He has met all of them, and he tried to answer their questions as best he could.

"Betty Grable and I worked together about three years ago in vaudeville. We were both making personal appearances.

She's a swell girl. I like her looks and her personality. So would you. What does she look like? Exactly the way you see her on the screen.

"Rosalind Russell is a very witty, brilliant woman. And she has beautiful dark hair.

"I think Lana Turner is twice as pretty off the screen as on. She has beautiful skin, and is a very attractive girl."

Gene got his basic training and his drilling, like all the other men in the Air Corps. At first, he was very much embarrassed when he'd find himself making mistakes. A few times he right-faced when he was supposed to left-face, or vice versa. But soon he discovered that the other rookies were also making mistakes.

So now he says, "Everybody makes mistakes at first. After a while, you learn to follow the drill sergeant's orders. Drill is like anything else. In order to be perfect, you have to put in plenty of hours. The time comes when you can follow the drill sergeant's orders even when you don't hear every word he says. That may sound funny to a civilian; but the truth is that there is a certain rhythm to the commands, and you learn to recognize the rhythm even when you don't catch the exact words.

"This practice in drill makes it possible to move a lot of men in the easiest way. So it is all worth-while."

After Gene had been at the Santa Ana Air Base for about six weeks, he was transferred to Luke Field, located in Phoenix, Arizona.

His job in the Army Air Corps is a sort of three-fold one. He does public relations work. He arranges entertainments for different camps. And he does one job that nobody else has been able to do so successfully, and that's conducting his Sunday radio program, which the Army Air Force supervises and which is used to inform civilians about what goes on in the Army Air Force. Long before the war, Gene had a radio program called "Melody Ranch." Today that program is broadcast under the title, "Sergeant Gene Autry"; and the Army feels it is a distinct contribution to public relations. Gene receives no money for the radio shows, other than his regular sergeant's salary.

Although the Army hasn't required Gene to do as much flying as he had hoped, he devotes an hour or two every day to flying a private plane. He had a good many hours in the air before he joined the Army; and he wants to continue his flying, whether he is required to or not, so that he will be ready for any emergency.

After he had been at Luke Field for some time, his wife joined him. I asked Gene how the Army felt about this. After all, many women wonder whether they ought to follow their husbands to camp.

"The Army doesn't object to wives following officers to camp; in fact, it seems to think it's a good idea. If a sergeant is married, he doesn't have to live at the field, although he has to report there every day."

The Army also doesn't object, Gene told me, when sweethearts visit soldiers at camp, if the visit is arranged for beforehand and if the soldier is on the job and does it right.

I asked Gene to tell me about the food in the Army.

"The Army is well-fed. The soldiers have all the butter and meat they want. The finest meat and vegetables are ordered for the Army. Of course, it's up to the mess sergeants to see that it is cooked right. And mess sergeants are like the cook in your own home. If you have a good cook at home, he does a swell job. Sometimes you may not be so fortunate. You may get a cook who doesn't know how to handle vittles. Naturally, the Army tries to have mess sergeants who know their work."

One of the Army traditions is to grouse about the mess sergeant. A mess sergeant once told me that if the men didn't complain,



Lillian Gish, currently appearing in Columbia's film, "Commandos Strike At Dawn," is besieged for autographs while serving as hostess at the Stage Door Canteen's Commandos Party.

ALL RIGHT AMERICA—YOU ARE SMOKING MORE*

*Government figures show smoking at all-time peak.

And You're SAFER Smoking PHILIP MORRIS

A FINER cigarette—scientifically proved less irritating to nose and throat . . .

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—cleared up completely or definitely improved!

—findings reported in medical journals by a group of distinguished doctors.

We do *not* claim curative powers for PHILIP MORRIS. But this evidence proves they are far less irritating for your nose and throat.



CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS America's FINEST Cigarette

then you'd know that there was something really wrong with the food.

But the proof of the pudding is the fact that Army men develop enormous appetites. When they go out on leave, they often astonish civilians with their new Army appetites. The outdoor life they lead gives them an extremely healthy appetite, which the Army does its best to satisfy.

I asked Gene if he expected to make any more motion pictures for the duration of the war.

"I don't know," said Gene. "Republic has asked me to make some pictures for them; but I have told them that I wouldn't make any commercial pictures unless the Army issues a blanket rule permitting actors to appear in such pictures. Even if I could get permission to make such a picture, I wouldn't want to be the first actor in the service to do it. Some of the newspapers have said that I have a feud on with Republic. That isn't true. My only fight with them has been that they want me to make commercial pictures; and I feel my first duty is to the Army."

"In England they allow movie personalities a few weeks' furlough to make pictures. I believe the money that would ordinarily be paid to the actors is turned over to Army Relief. I have a hunch that maybe something like that will be done by our own Army some day. After all, morale has to be kept up; and it is important to make pictures just as it is to make guns."

"There has been some talk about my working in 'This Is the Army.' That will not be a commercial picture, for all the profits will be turned over to Army Relief, to help the widows and children of soldiers who give their lives in this war."

"I'd be very happy to work in 'This Is the Army,' if the government wants me to do that. It wouldn't be a commercial picture,



At the Commandos Party, Louis Pasteur, grand-nephew of the distinguished scientist, and one of the Commandos who participated in the Dieppe Raid, presented Lillian Gish with his most treasured article—a religious medal. It's been his lucky piece since going into service.

but would benefit morale. That's the only type of picture I hope to make for the duration."

Although Gene has been in the Army for eight months, he is still so hot at the box-office and No. 1 in the Western poll by a wide margin, that Republic is naturally anxious to cash in on his drawing power. Since Gene won't make a picture for Republic unless the Army issues a blanket ruling saying all stars in the Army can make pictures, Republic is planning to re-issue eight of Gene's old pictures. Gene has no objection to this, but hopes that the pictures won't be too old, since pictures that are seven or eight years old usually suffer in comparison with newer and more modern movies.

Gene says he is now thoroughly accustomed to his Army uniform. Once recently he was asked to put on cowboy clothes when he was selling bonds in Oklahoma on Armistice Day.

"To my surprise," Gene admitted, "the cowboy clothes felt just as strange on me as the uniform originally had. It's getting so now that a man feels out of place in civilian clothes."

The fact that Gene's box-office power is still tremendous was proven by his success in selling bonds in Oklahoma; and again in Houston, Texas, where he participated in a rally to raise money to build a new cruiser to replace the Houston, lost in a battle at sea. I have seen photographs of the crowds that flocked to see Gene in Houston; and I believe me, few actors on the screen today could draw such crowds. Houston, Texas, managed to raise 85 million dollars to replace the cruiser—enough money to replace two such ships. And there's no doubt whatsoever that Gene's presence at the sales rally helped Houston to raise that terrific sum of money.



Perc Westmore,
Hollywood Make-up
Genius.

From HOLLYWOOD I bring you the FOUNDATION CREAM of the STARS

Perc Westmore



Marjorie Reynolds
appearing in
"DIXIE"
A Paramount
Technicolor
Production

"I'D LIKE YOU," says Perc Westmore, "to try my lanolin base foundation cream. I created it for use when making up stars in the Hollywood movie studios. It has become so popular that screen stars—and girls and women like yourself all over the country—swear by it.

"It's really marvelous—stays on the face longer, requires less powder and make-up and effectively hides lines, pores, minor blemishes and discolorations. It does not give that "masked" feeling—it does not dry the skin—in fact, the lanolin in it helps keep your skin wonderfully soft.

"Comes in six glamorous skin-tinted shades. Because the lovely ladies of the screen use my foundation cream to make them still lovelier, certainly you will want to try a jar of it. Just ask for my Westmore Foundation Cream at any toilet goods counter."

50 AND
25 CENT JARS



House of
WESTMORE
FOUNDATION
CREAM

Hands At Work

Continued from page 55

before you attempt to do the other. Half the complaints about polish not lasting are due to the fact that we are in such a rush that we begin doing things with our fingers before the nail polish has had full time to set.

If you want your fingers to look longer and of more oval shape do not apply polish out to the edges of the sides of your nail. Concentrate it more in the center. This creates the optical illusion of greater length and slenderness. Now that we are all of us wearing our nails shorter, it is a good trick to know.

Because you may not want to wear bright polish in the daytime today, does not mean that you should shun polish entirely and

do without the lift that your pretty fingers give you and the people around you. Almost every manufacturer of nail polish makes one or more light polishes which are suitable for daytime wear. You will have noticed that the Waves, the Waacs and the girls in other services are allowed both nail polish and lipstick when on duty.

Let evening and playtime be the time to express the colorful side of you with bright polish. They say that the boys in the front lines do not dream of spinach and slacks and the girl with the rough hardy look. Instead they dream of chiffon! So let the chiffon side of your life come to the fore when your soldier or sailor is in home port on furlough.

Lana Turner's Untold Story

Continued from page 22

been working with her, I've come on the set feeling badly. She notices instantly. "I'll stand in for you," she'll say—and does. She makes me go into her dressing room and lie down, tucks me all up, orders hot soup for me, then goes out and does the job I am supposed to do for her.

At first I didn't quite know what to name this trait in Lana; this something deep and warm which, I am sure, people do not suspect in her. Now I can name it; it's a mothering thing. I named it the day she told me she was going to have a baby. And I watched her face as she told me, especially her eyes. I don't suppose I've ever seen such shining happiness before. "It was the happiest day of my life, Alice May," she told me, "the day I discovered I was going to have a baby." She'll never speak a line on the screen, fine actress that she is, the way she spoke that line. Her heart was beating in her voice.

Of course she wants a girl. "It will be such fun to dress her up," she says. She wants to design clothes for the baby. "But

I don't really care which it is," she added, "I am so anxious for a baby, I would welcome twins." She couldn't talk about anything else; she still can't. Lana will make a wonderful mother. She has proven that already, I think, even before the baby's birth, by her courage and gallantry, her determination to protect her health, hold fast to self-control for the baby's sake. She will be tender and gay, as one should be with children. Wise, too, and firm.

Hollywood doesn't understand Lana. I doubt that even her fans, legion and loyal though they are, quite understand her. Perhaps no one does, really—except herself. For she does understand herself, which can be said of few. She didn't, up to recently. Because she didn't, she made mistakes. I doubt that she will make many more in future. She is conscious, now, of what is good for her, and what is bad. She has been hurt, and has healed her own wounds. She is cagey, now. She knows all the ropes. No one has any influence over her. People have thought of her as a little

Private Tyrone Power, on leave from the Marine Corps Base at San Diego, visits wife Annabella on the set of "Bomber's Moon," the 20th Century-Fox picture in which Annabella is co-starred with Geo. Montgomery.





Belita, skating star of "Silver Skates," Monogram's current movie, loves to bask in the sun on the springboard of her swimming-pool.

rattle-brain. She isn't—because she thinks things through. As, I think, people realize now.

She is very cute. She is always asking my advice. "What good will my advice do?" I say, "you'll do just what you want." "I just like to have your opinion," she'll tell me. That's the way she operates. She goes about collecting opinions, weighs one against the other and then makes up her own mind.

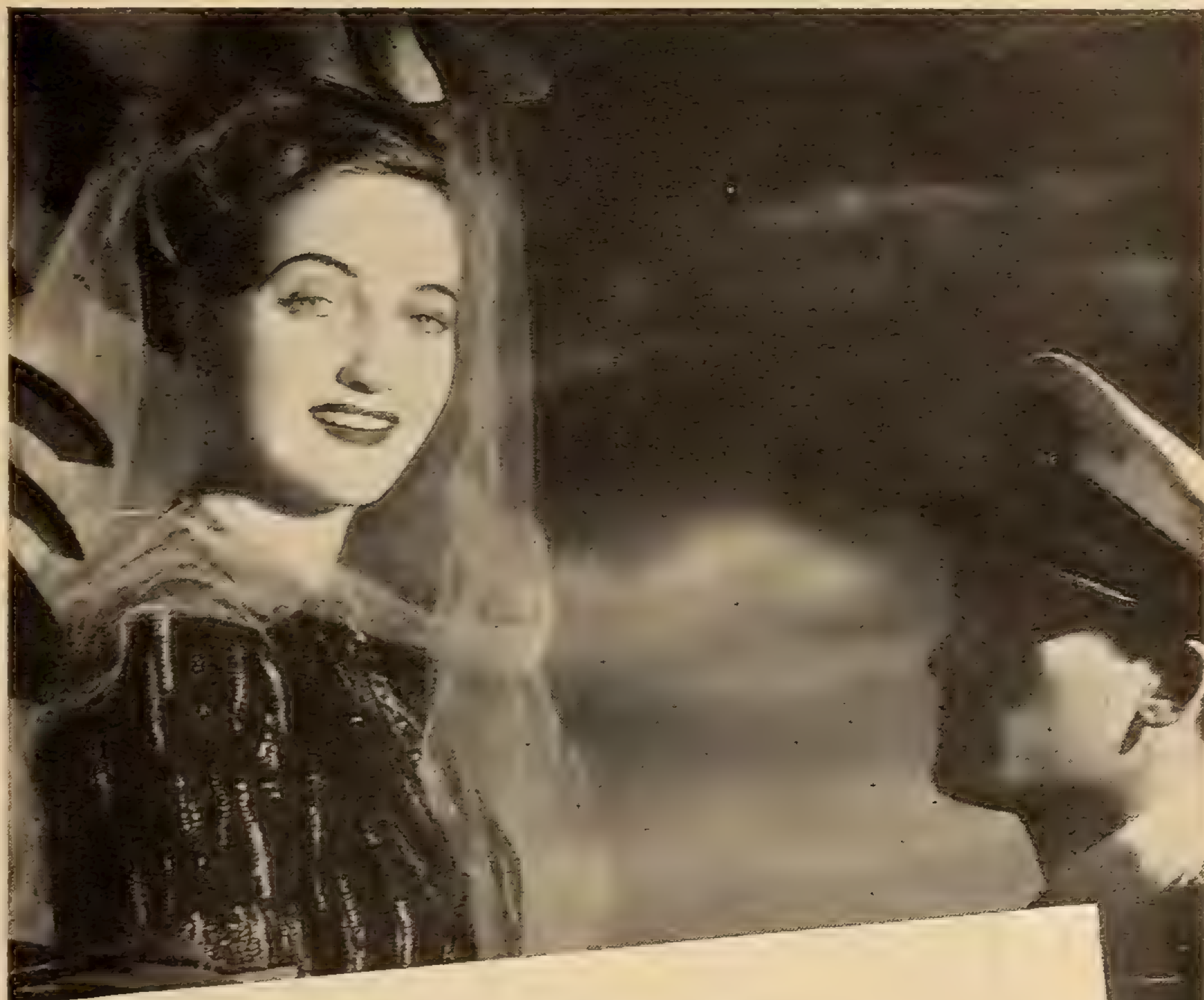
Her career means a great deal to her now, a very great deal. More now than ever before, "I'll want *her* to be proud of me," she says. "Ziegfeld Girl," still her favorite picture, by the way, was the turning point in her career and, in a way, in her character. In the scene where, dying, she walked down that flight of stairs, she really walked into a new phase in her life. Before that, she hadn't taken herself, or her work, very seriously. Now she takes her work very seriously, and disciplines herself for the sake of her work.

She has learned the value of discipline. She told me, recently, "Raising the baby, as far as I am concerned, will be done on a common sense basis. Rules that apply to the average American home will hold sway in my home. I don't want a spoiled child. I'm afraid I'll need the discipline I've learned to keep from spoiling my baby, but I want everyone to love her as much as I will, and no one loves a spoiled youngster no matter how darling. So—a plain, average, every-day bringing-up for baby!"

Lana is, really, or has really become a very conscientious girl in every department of her life. She doesn't make a "production" of her job, doesn't have to. She has a wonderful memory. She can look at a script, and know it. She gets her own interpretation of the character she is to play. She is what I'd term a genius or a "nat-

"Want him to adore you? Try my*W.B.N.C."

DOROTHY LAMOUR, STARRING IN "DIXIE", A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



Says Dorothy Lamour:

"Men hover 'round the girl whose complexion is lush velvet. So fake my W.B.N.C. That means..."

*Woodbury Beauty Night Cap.

"All you need is Woodbury Cold Cream. And what grand things it does. It's my nightly beauty care."

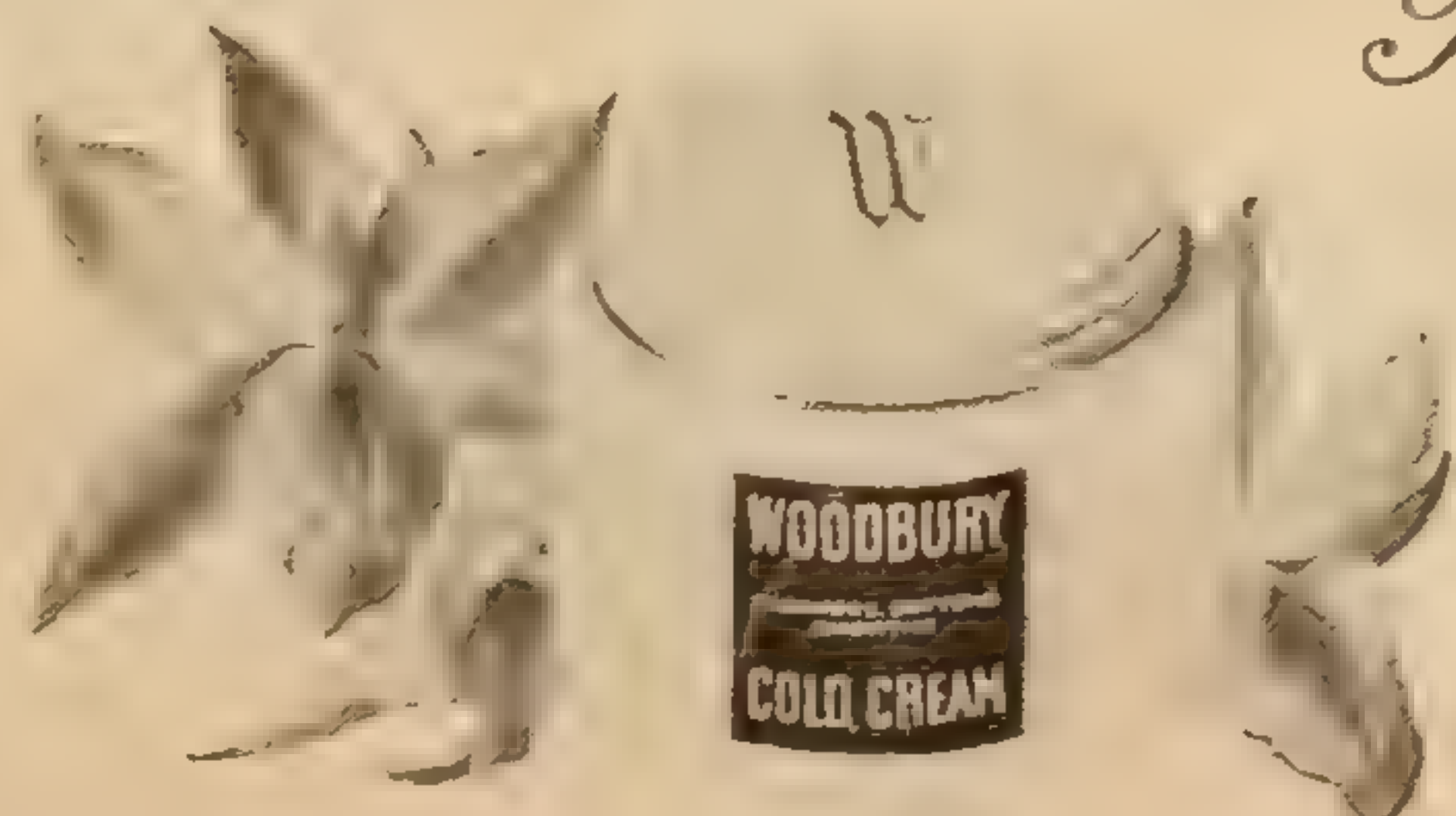
Cleanse with Woodbury Cold Cream. How fresh, clean, your skin feels! Pat on more cream—wipe again, leaving a trace of the fine oils all night—for new, morning glamour.

Four special ingredients in Woodbury make your skin softer, smoother. Another exclusive ingredient acts constantly to keep the cream in the jar pure to the last.

Tonight take the W.B.N.C.—he'll adore you more tomorrow.

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Night Cap of the Stars



A Grand Surprise! You get so much for your money. Big economy jars \$1.25, 75¢. Also sizes at 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

Are You His DREAM GIRL



Your fighting man will remember the silky smoothness of your coiffure, the bewitching dash of your saucy ringlets. His heroine has no lanky locks, unruly wisps, or disordered curls to vex his military eye.



DeLong Bob Pins will keep your coiffure in order. With reasonable care, *they'll last indefinitely.* Use them adroitly, for the duration.

Strong Grip Won't Slip

One Does the Work of Several

ural." She proved that when she first worked with Robert Taylor, with Clark Gable. She didn't get nervous and jittery, she went right along with them, troupers that they are. She's an actress. One of the "born" 'uns.

She gets her ample sleep. She always has, when she's working. Now she sleeps eight to ten hours a night, takes naps afternoons. "The baby needs sleep," she says. I've never seen that girl finish a drink. She is thought to be emotionally unstable, I am sure. Or *was* thought to be, I should say. No one can think that of her now, the way she has come through an ordeal that would have made a psychopathic case of the average girl. But before all that, very seldom have I seen her cry. I've traveled with her a great deal, back and forth to New York, to Palm Springs for vacations. I'm with her all day, every day when she works. I spend a lot of time at her house. I would say she is unusually controlled, has a firm sure grip on the reins of herself. I repeat, she has now proven this.

When she does an emotional scene in a picture, I don't go near her then. She holds the mood. But that is control, too.

She isn't temperamental, is what I mean. She doesn't like to have anyone stand directly in her line of vision when she is working but she never asks to have her sets closed. She doesn't even like to have me sit where she can see me when she's working. But she does like to know that I am watching. "I know that everything is all right when you're around," she told me once. "I don't want to know where you are, just that you are there."

If I don't like a scene she does, I tell her. Lana says of me, "Here is the gal that can really tell me off. Only one in the world who can, and I take it." I've bawled her out many a time and she *has* taken it. I often think, "Who am I? How do I dare?" But she never gets mad. Know why? Because *she likes the truth.* She said once, "It's like surgery. It cuts, but it cures." I believe that the one thing in the world that would really nauseate her would be a "yes" man or woman. I honestly believe that Lana can forgive anything in this world but a lie.

She isn't perfect. I hope! There would be something cold in human perfection. And Lana is made of warmth. She's moody. One of the reasons we get along so well together is that sometimes, except for "Hello" and "Goodbye" we don't speak for four or five days. And she knows I won't be "hurt." Something is wrong with the script, perhaps. Or something that has gone too deep to talk about is on her mind. But that's one of the things about Lana: you always know where you are with her. She isn't, of all things, "whimsy." She is a very loyal person to people who are her real friends. And her friends never doubt it.

But she isn't, at first, a particularly good mixer. Not at all the glad-hand type. "Rich Man, Poor Man" was the picture she was making when I was engaged as her stand-in. We didn't get acquainted for, oh, four or five days. She shook hands with me when we were introduced (when she shakes hands with you, your hand is *shook!*) then we both took off our shoes and walked, side by side, and she said, "We're just about the same size, aren't we?" and that was all. But it was enough. I knew she liked me, and the job was mine. Lana says with her eyes the things she doesn't say with her lips.

For she isn't one to give confidences. They are something she feels it is more blessed to receive than to give. I think I know her as well as anyone in the world, with the exception of her mother. But even with me, she doesn't discuss intimacies. She isn't one to let down her hair. She isn't, in short, a blabber-mouth. You wouldn't think of Lana as being the reserved type, now, would you? But when it comes to the close-to-the-heart things, she is. Most of all when the close-to-the-heart things hurt.

What makes me like her, what makes other girls like her is that she's perfectly natural. Never puts on. Real all the time. No little affectations at all, I know that.

She's taking her career seriously, as I said. She is taking motherhood more seriously. So seriously that I can't find the word for it. But she also takes things very matter-of-factly. Having a lot of money, she's taking that in stride, too.



Following annulment of their marriage, Lana Turner and Steve Crane had a Valentine's Day date at Mocambo, but it didn't surprise their friends, who feel they are still very much in love.

It is her natural tendency to be extravagant, no doubt of that. She used to go to shops, buy things and never ask the price. There was a time when she couldn't pass a jewelry shop, her feet just automatically walked her in. She is mad about jewelry. Especially about antique bracelets, of which she has a really valuable collection. Real old ones, with quaint inscriptions, "From One Sweetheart To Another," and so on.

She is getting a better sense of values now, though. She told me once, "It was so wonderful not to *have* to ask the price. But then, if you develop, you get back to where you *do* ask the price again." And she never went haywire in any really reckless, big way. She bought a lovely home for her mother and herself, yes. But she did things in moderation. She hasn't a projection room, no swimming-pool, no badminton court.

Most of her generosity now is for other people. Most of *all*, of course, for the baby. When she really wasn't feeling well enough to be on her feet, she went on a perfect orgy of shopping for the infant. She'd heard that woolens and bathinettes and things like that were to be rationed. She bought woolens, shirts and socks and night gowns. She said, "I want my baby to have the best." (Her baby will, too. She'll see to that, she'll *always* see to that.) She spends most of her time now planning the nursery. She has already decided on hundreds of color schemes, changing her mind by the hour. She's decided now to visit all the Model Homes to gather ideas for her nursery.

She's been so generous to me, I'd be rigid with embarrassment if it were anyone but Lana, and Lana's way of being generous. She gives me gorgeous clothes—suits—dresses—things she has worn only once.

I know what she is going to do to me when she reads this but I'd rather take my punishment than not to tell it. One day, quite a while ago, she took me into a very expensive fur shop with her. I often try on hats for her so she can see how they look, so when she asked me to try on a mink coat I thought she wanted to see how it would look on her. I put it on. She had me walk around, turn around, turn around again. "Well, now, tell me, Alice," she said, "how do you like it?" I said, "I think it's perfectly beautiful." "That's fine," she said, "it's yours."

She isn't affectionate at all, Lana isn't, not one bit demonstrative. And I don't think she likes people to make and gush over her. So I couldn't even talk, I didn't dare to cry. I just had to sit down. "I can't accept it, I can't accept it," I kept saying.

Lana didn't even answer me. She ignored me. She was busy discussing the shoulders with the saleswoman, a little build-up here, she thought, a bit more slope there, and the length.

I have always been so grateful to Lana. She has made me happier than she will ever know. And I have never been able to say so much as "Thank you." I tried it once. "Please don't say it," she broke in on me quickly. "I know how you feel. Let it go at that."

I tried one other time. I was spending the night at her house. She was making me try on suits, hats, gloves, dresses, all the accessories, everything. "Now, how about a black dress?" she said, after she had given me a wardrobe that would make me one of the Ten Best Dressed for two years. "This one, I think," she said, "yes, that looks swell. Now, the shoes, the hat, the bag..." That was the other time I tried. "Will you be quiet?" she nipped my gratitude in the bud, "I'm having fun." She was, too. She wanted to be a designer, you know. She adores that thing of getting people all dressed up. She insists that her baby, if a girl, will give her a chance to show how much she knows about designing.

There are so many places in Lana's heart.

"I was a good wife...or was I?"



YOUNG WIFE REVEALS HOW SHE
OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT"
THAT SPOILS SO MANY MARRIAGES

1. At housekeeping and cooking, yes, I was A-1. And at first, John and I were blissfully happy. But slowly, John grew moody, neglected me. I grew jumpy, tearful.



2. One day, at the movies with my chum, I began to cry, and couldn't stop. She was wonderful! She got me alone, wangled it all out of me, then she opened my eyes. "Most men can't forgive one neglect, darling. A wife can't be careless of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal daintiness*)."



3. "Today, many thousands of women use Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene. My doctor advises Lysol." And she told how it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the easy directions," she advised. "Lysol deodorizes, cleanses thoroughly. No wonder this famous germicide is so widely used!"



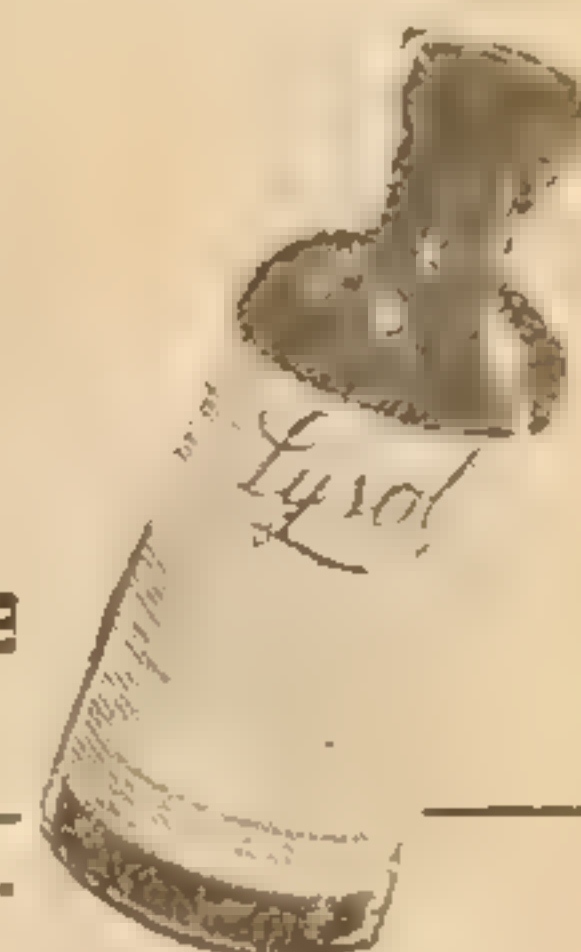
4. Nowadays I use Lysol disinfectant regularly. It's easy to use and so inexpensive. And these days we're deliriously happy again. John says I'm the best wife a man ever had!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



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★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

She is so eager for everything, so eager to do everything. She loves music, really loves it. She has the most wonderful collection of records. Many a time, before she was married, I'd go to her house for dinner and, afterwards, I'd get in my little corner, Lana would get all the pillows off the couches, line them up in front of the fireplace, lie down on them and we'd play records by the hour. Come time to go home, Lana would still be lying there, half asleep, lulled and blissful. And I'd put a cover over her and leave her there.

She writes the most beautiful poetry. It's inspirational with her. "Give me a pencil and paper," she'll say, in the most unlikely places at the most unlikely moments, and down goes something lyrical and lovely. She writes philosophy, too. Much too deep for the average person, it is, let me tell you. She reads deep books. Has a wonderful library and, always, there are piles of books on her bed-table. She likes to read biographies. Especially those of musicians.

She is so eager for life, in all of its aspects. She wants to visit the Juvenile Courts. She does visit hospitals. She plays the piano. She is marvelous at tennis, golf, swimming, and loves bowling. She wants to crowd everything in. Before my illness I was a ballet dancer. After my convalescence, I had to give up dancing as a career. But Lana wants to study ballet with me. It used to be, "Now, next week we're going to take up ballet seriously." Now it is, "After the baby comes, we must start ballet."

She is as interested in people as she is in things, all kinds of people. She was thrilled and impressed when she met the President of the United States. Joe Louis is the only person she ever asked for an autograph. "I must say the Champion wasn't what I'd call effusive," she laughed, when she showed it to me. "He just wrote 'Joe Louis'—and the date!"

It's because she is more interested in other people than she is in herself, I think,

that keeps her so natural. She is, perfectly. She doesn't change her manner in talking to anybody.

I sometimes worry a little about Lana's urge to crowd everything in, as if there were not time enough, as if she must hurry, rush to meet life, arms, heart, mind wide open—as she is eager to meet motherhood.

She is a fatalist, I'd say. One time we were coming back from New York in a plane. There were three forced landings. The last one has given me a recurrent nightmare for life. We were in an electric storm. You could see blue flames zinging on the wings. The plane banked, righted itself, banked again. Everyone was tense, was waiting. Everyone but Lana. She and I had been reading the *Esquire* cartoons together. "Well, *what are you waiting for?*" she said when I sat there, arrested motion, "turn the next page!" I looked at her. There were tears in my eyes. She knew what I was thinking. "Don't worry about me," she said. "If anything's going to happen, it's going to happen. And if it does, I have no squawk. Life hasn't skimmed me. I've had a full course meal already."

Perhaps. But so much more will happen to Lana. Things will always happen to Lana. She is a magnet to attract them. She makes me think of a receiving instrument for love and laughter and tears and happiness and heartbreak and pain and all the pleasures. And people will always exaggerate the things that happen to Lana. They always have. If Lana went to one night club, she had been to twenty. If she had two romances, she had fourteen. It's because Nature exaggerated her when she was made. Her beauty, her spirit, her warmth, her eagerness, her talent, her capacity for pain and pleasure—the things in her heart are keyed, all of them, beyond the norm. She is dyed in richer colors than—than the rest of us.

I said that I could hate her. But that I love her dearly. Have I made you understand why?

How Mrs. Alan Ladd Is Facing the Future

Continued from page 25

was saying to the little girl, "I shouldn't cry—I know I shouldn't cry—I should be proud."

It is very difficult to be both a wife and a patriot in these fateful times. Sue, like many another loving wife, has found this to be true. No matter how brave a wife pretends to be, no matter how hard she tries to say with conviction, "I am glad my husband is a soldier. I am proud that he wants to fight for his country, and for me," deep down in her heart she knows it isn't true. Proud, yes—but she isn't glad. She can't help but dread those days and nights, those months, and perhaps years, of loneliness and uncertainty—that never knowing where he is, or how he is, or when she will see him again. It isn't being selfish, it isn't being unpatriotic, it's only being human.

But Sue is an intelligent wife. When the first shock of separation is over she will realize that her troubles are relative. That is to say, that she cannot measure their real value until she compares them with the hardships other wives are enduring. And on this basis they will seem trivial indeed when she contemplates the hell on earth that has engulfed millions of wives all over the world. Alan's baby will be born free, in a free country. Compared with that everything else seems rather unimportant.

When Sue joined me at luncheon I asked her to talk about Alan. In spite of the fact that he was turned down by the Navy shortly after Pearl Harbor, and later by his draft board (because of a physical disability he incurred when he was a boy in swimming) Alan was determined to join the service. Several weeks ago when he finished "China" at the Paramount studios he enlisted voluntarily as a private in the Army Air Corps. He was inducted at Fort MacArthur the day after his exciting broadcast of "This Gun For Hire." At present he is in training at a camp near Fresno.

Sue assured me that it was a good thing I wanted her to talk about Alan, because she certainly couldn't talk about anyone, or anything, else. She showed me a sweater she was knitting for him, and then proudly produced a clipping about him from the *Reception Center Bulletin*, published by the boys at Fort MacArthur. It said in part, "Pvt. Alan Ladd was in khaki eight weeks before he entered Reception Center. This was for his rôle in 'Lucky Jordan' in which he donned the GI uniform to portray a draft dodger who became a hero. In real life the star who rose sensationally looks like anything but a draft dodger. His roster buddies agree that he's a regular guy. With Ladd it's mutual. 'I've been surprised,' he said, 'to find just what a swell bunch of fellows I'm among. Everyone is so cooperative.' His greatest break was when he married Sue Carol. You could tell that the way he talked about her. And he carries her picture inscribed 'To Alan, because I love him with all my heart.' Kissing Veronica Lake was just work to Pvt. Ladd!"

"Alan has had joining the service in his mind for over a year," said Sue. "He is a shy, super-sensitive young man, and if his heart is as big as all outdoors, I'm sure his conscience is even bigger. He loves his home with devotion, and he loves me, of course, and he didn't want to leave me, especially when I am having a baby so soon now—but he has felt all along that he should go. I must confess I tried to discourage him at first. But he was so determined that I didn't think it was right to stand in his way. When he was turned down both by the Navy and



Alice May, Lana Turner's stand-in and friend, demonstrates here how she saves Lana's energy by standing in for the star while technicians make the necessary preparations for next scene. Lana is not called to the set until all preliminaries have been attended to.

his draft board, I took hope. It isn't going to be, after all, I thought. It was then we decided to have a baby. And not wait until the war was over.

"But Alan simply couldn't get it out of his head that he ought to be in uniform. Whenever we would go out to dinner at night, or to a movie, or to a friend's house, Alan would always stop the car on the way home and pick up as many soldiers and sailors as he could crowd in. Invariably he would bring them home and while he talked to them about their families (and when Alan asks you about your family he's not just being polite, he's really interested and wants all the details) I would go to the kitchen and scramble eggs and make toast and coffee. Several hours later he would casually announce to me that he was going to take the boys to the nearest bus line. I knew exactly what that meant. He was going to take them to their camps, sometimes as far away as Riverside and Oxnard. He'd get back to the house just in time to have a shower, shave, and change his clothes for a seven o'clock studio call. This wasn't just once. It would happen several nights a week.

"Then in 'Lucky Jordan' he had to play a draft dodger. That was too much for him. It got under his skin. His friends reminded him of his dependents, of which he has his share. And they reminded him of all the years he has spent knocking his brains out in Hollywood trying to get somewhere in pictures, and that now is the time for him to cash in on his career. 'You get more fan mail than anyone at the studio,' they told him. 'Right now you're the hottest person in pictures. You'd be a fool to give up big money you've worked so hard for when it is within arm's reach for a mere \$50 a month.' But half the time Alan wasn't even listening to them. 'If it's all right with Susie,' he'd say, 'I want to be in uniform.' I crossed my fingers, and said it would be all right.

"Before he was sent to Fresno he had a twelve hour pass, and came home. That was when I saw him in his uniform, and his GI haircut. He had to be back at Fort MacArthur by 5:30 in the morning so at four o'clock our good friends, Bill Bendix and his wife, drove us down to the Fort. That was the last time I saw him. I am hoping and praying that he will be with me when our baby is born, every woman wants her husband with her at that time, but if it is impossible for him to be there, I'll get along. Other wives have.

"When the baby is old enough to travel I expect to join Alan if it is humanly possible. I can rent our house here, and the baby and I can live in a hotel near him. I can certainly look after the baby myself. But if Alan is sent some place where it is utterly impossible for me to be near him, I expect to remain in Hollywood and continue my business career.

"Alan and I have never made a splurge of any kind in Hollywood. We've never gone in for a showy house, night clubs, big parties, and a lot of flash. We've never had but one maid and one car. So we don't have to go through any of that terrifying cutting down. We'll get along somehow. Everybody else does. And I certainly have the satisfaction of knowing that Alan is doing what his heart and his conscience told him to do."

What'd I tell you! That Mrs. Alan Ladd is an understanding and intelligent young wife. She left me soon afterwards, explaining that she had to spend the afternoon forwarding Alan's mail to him. "Alan gets such a kick out of the letters people write him," she said. "Letters make him very happy. He has always taken a great pleasure in reading his mail. And now I'm sure he needs his letters more than ever."

Me, I'm going to sit right down and write Pvt. Alan Ladd a letter. And tell him what a grand guy everyone thinks he is.

"The Yankee Doodle
dandiest hands
he ever did see!"

Not a bit rough—'cause
I use **Hinds** before
and after war work.
A **Honey** of a lotion!

• No red, scratchy hands for this little riveter! I'm taking care of my hands with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. I always use Hinds *before work*...its skin softeners act like an invisible glove...help guard against drying, ground-in dirt. *After work*, Hinds again for softer, whiter-looking hands...all set for loving!



BEFORE WORK—housework or factory work—use Hinds. Tests prove grease and grime wash off faster, hands come out cleaner. Hinds skin softeners actually help guard skin against drying, ground-in dirt.

AFTER WORK—Hinds again! Extra-creamy, extra-softening, even one application gives red, chapped skin a softer, whiter look, a comfy feel. It *benefits* skin abused by work or weather.

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He's a man
after my own hands—
they're smooth as
a kitten's ear!

HINDS for **HANDS**
and wherever skin needs softening!

"Salute for Three"

Continued from page 33



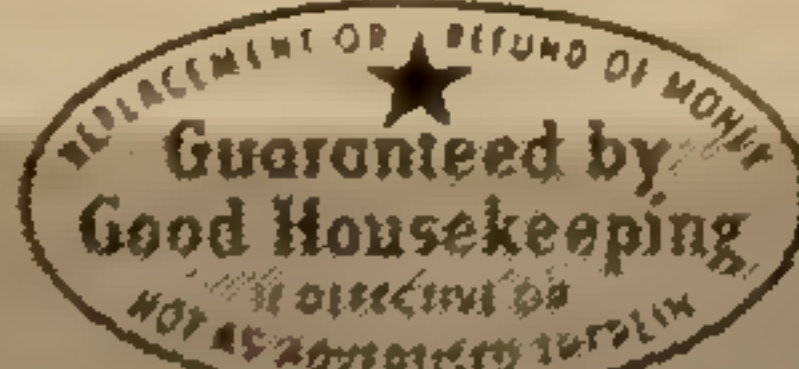
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Nothing to buy... just send recent snapshot, with height, weight, bust, waist and hip measurements, before May 31, 1943. Decision of famous beauty judges will be final. 1st Prize \$500 in War Bonds, as well as 27 additional prizes and awards, also scholarships for first three winners at the famous Barbizon Studio of Fashion Modeling, New York. Stardust Mfg. Co., P.O. Box 65, Sta. F, N. Y. No photos returned.



BY THE MAKERS OF Stardust Slips

the stork just brought us!" Mac kept working away at his tinkertoy set. He didn't look up as he had already grown to realize that a sugar-coated adult voice was disguising some sour adult fact.

The father continued, "You're a lucky boy. You've got a pair of brothers. Not just one new baby, but two. Twins, whom we're going to name Charles and Gordon."

Macdonald's large brown eyes moved slowly from one item to the other in the nursery, taking in every intimate arrangement, every precious dimension.

"Hmmm," he sniffed. "Looks like I'm going to have to subdivide."

It wasn't until several years later that Carey, major, devised a benefit for himself out of the presence of Careys, minor. Macdonald, tapped at an early age, would have been found to have grease paint running in his veins in conjunction with that bright fluid that now goes into Red Cross Blood Banks. Long before he knew who Shakespeare was, he was following in The Bard's iambic pentameters. He was writing, directing, and acting in his own plays.

So he used his younger brothers as spear-bearers, voices yelling "Help" off-stage, and miscellaneous one-line characters.

He was quick to learn that Charlie and Gordie had a remarkable ability to stand on their heads for incredible periods of time; with the true Belasco touch, Mac prepared a magic act, and used the twins as set dressing. They emerged on his makeshift stage first and assumed their inverted stance, whereupon Carey, the magician, appeared and went through his complicated routine before this human proscenium arch.

The next stage in the development of the Carey Brothers' "Beau Geste" could be termed Cravats, Unlimited. All three of them discovered that neckties were to be had in hilarious colors and patterns and what wild tie one didn't discover, the other did. The interchange of neckwear went on merrily. No one ever knew which belonged to whom, and Mac swears to this day that some of his best numbers are undoubtedly tucked away in one of the twin's trunks. Even Father Carey was suspected of "borrowing" now and then, but he denied the charge with considerable heat.

Father Carey had other troubles; as his trio grew up, they became a three-ring debating society. With forensic zeal they settled great problems of state; a social evil was soon disposed of, and they had a remedy for any economic crisis that was not strictly personal.

Finally, after having done everything but tap on his glass with his knife, Mr. Carey emerged with this plaint: "Nobody ever listens to me!" Did this elicit any pity for him? Did this wistful comment earn a respectful silence from his three lusties? Well, thereafter, whenever one of the boys was having a tough time putting over a theory and was being interrupted every three words, he always fell back on his father's quotation: "Nobody ever listens to me!" This is known as having fun with your own family.

Macdonald nowadays describes himself as "the great athletic failure of the family." His father was a superb tennis player and at one time held the Mid-West Championship. Mac had every right to suppose that Nature would have endowed him with at least a part of his father's prowess, so he set to with a racket as soon as possible. "With disappointing results,"—to quote Mac.

Having preempted the family tennis

rights in the son-department, Mac steered the twins onto golf. And tried to play along with them. Well, at 12, the twins were shooting in the eighties. By the time time they were 13, they grumbled mightily if their scores weren't in the low seventies.

The silent departure you may have just noticed was Macdonald Carey withdrawing from golf competition with his younger relatives. Nowadays Gordon and Charlie gambol over the green in a mere sixty-or-so shots. They got so good that they entered separate tournaments (Minnesota Resorters and Iowa Open) and made them Carey Specials. Father Carey went with one twin (he maintained that it was to cheer his son on, but the family still insist that it was to share the glory), and Mac managed to help swell the gallery for the other.

For years, Mac maintained his supremacy in the tennis (we refrain from saying "racket") department, but several months ago Charlie licked him in love sets.

Mac was four years ahead of the twins in school, of course. His first college year was spent at Wisconsin where he was an Alpha Delta Phi. He is, by the way, a fraternity brother of Fredric March and lived in March's erstwhile room for one semester.

When the twins started to college, they chose Morningside in Sioux City, Iowa, as their Alma Mammy, and were pledged to Delta Tau Delta because there wasn't a chapter of A.D. Phi located there. With fine comradely spirit, brother Mac joined the twins in an apartment just a few blocks from the Delta Gamma house. (Delta Gamma has long been noted for the smooth girls it enlists.) Mac was working on his Master's Degree, and—as a sideline—muscling in on his brothers' dates.

There was one sitchiashun in which



Jeff Donnell, featured in the Columbia film, "What's Buzzin' Cousin," makes a pretty picture in her smart crisp white cotton sunsuit.

Charlie brought home a very lovely number as a dinner guest one night. The boys were doing their own cooking, and a very fine job it was, too. Charlie is noted, to this day, for his delicious cakes. He can whip up a chocolate fudge concoction that would make Prudence Penny lock herself in her own oven for very despair; as for his angel food item—is ya droolin', honey?

Mac always had charge of the coffee department, the vegetables and the entree. He broils a mean steak, but he admits that his roast is "indifferent." Gordon was famous for his salads, tossed with the air of a master.

To be invited to the Carey bachelor quarters, therefore, was a treat of high degree. Only trouble was that Gordon and Charlie soon became wily; they grew chary of inviting femmes over for dinner, only to have them fascinated by their older brother. After all, Mac had glammer; he had long been one of the dramatic lights of the campus in such plays as "Another Language," "Yellow Jack" and "Prologue To Glory." He had played *Washington* in "Valley Forge" (but he says he has never been able to make his money go as far as George did with the help of the Rappahannock) and *Essex* was his meat in "Elizabeth, The Queen" by Maxwell Anderson.

To bring an impressionable co-ed into the same room with Brother Mac was to leave a dollar bill on a seat in Union Station.

Charlie, as a matter of principle, disapproved of Mac's acting career. He accompanied Gordon to any play in which Mac appeared, but his reaction was negative. Not until he saw Mac as *Washington*, did he melt even slightly. Then his praise was not what you would term effulgent. "Carey," he said (all the boys call each other "Carey"), "your performance was passable."

What he must have said on previous occasions to make this parsimonious statement seem like praise of a high order may be guessed by the fact that Mac swallowed hard and said gratefully, "Gosh, Carey, thanks a lot."

Five years later, when Charlie saw Mac in New York in "Lady In The Dark," the report of the family critic was "Carey, you're all right." No matter what the professional drama dopesters said after that, their praise was as nothing to Mac. He had been officially anointed "actor" by his kid brother.

Charlie has one vulnerable side, exposed to family buffeting. Both Mac and Gordon are married, but Charlie is a bachelor—hence a logical recipient of intensive family assistance and criticism in matters of the heart.

As you can see, the life of Macdonald Carey can never be considered as a unit without the background of his twin brothers. You must make it "Salute To Three."

And speaking of salutes: Mac, during the filming of "Wake Island," was so sold on the heroes of the saga (The Marine Corps) that he went down to recruiting headquarters and joined up. He reported for duty on December 15, 1942, as a lowly private, bound for boot camp.

And, should he meet either of his kid twin brothers on the street, it's up to him to tender a snappy "highball." A salute, no less. Because Charles is an Ensign in the United States Navy, and Gordon is a Lieutenant in the Quartermaster Corps of the Army.

"And even if I get through Quantico and achieve my gold bars," sums up the brother who had to subdivide some years ago, "they'll still rate me. By that time, Charlie will probably be a Lieutenant J. G., and Gordon will likely be a Captain."

And the proudest man on earth, not only of his twin brothers, but of his family in toto—as he crisps off a salute—will be Private Macdonald Carey, U.S.M.C.

and I promised Mom

WHO would have thought you'd be a deserter from a dustmop ... when Mom's counting on you? When your country's counting on you? ...

As Mom explained—it's girls like you taking on "homework" who release a whole army of mothers for rolling bandages and selling war bonds and driving drill presses.

That's how important you are ... but look at you now! Wondering why you're different from other girls who manage to do their part every day of the month.

Because if they can whisk through dusting and dishes ... then dash out for a late "skate-date" ... so can you!

How? ... well, why not learn their secret? See for yourself how many girls simply shrug their shoulders and say it's no secret at all ... it's just that Kotex sanitary napkins give more comfort!



Keep your promises—and your dates!

Actually, it's because Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing ... a far cry from pads that only feel soft at first touch.

None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure.

And when you're truly comfortable, your confidence goes zooming! You'll see pesky little worries vanish because Kotex has flat, pressed ends! And remember—no other leading brand offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they're not stubby.

Then, for your *added* protection, Kotex has a 4-ply safety center. And—no wrong side to cause accidents!

So now you know how to join the Keep-Going Corps. And why more women choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together!

Keep going in comfort—with Kotex!



TIPS FOR TEENS! What every girl should know about what to do and not to do on trying days is contained in the bright little booklet "As One Girl To Another". Write today to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. S-5, Chicago, for a copy FREE!

For Certain Days ... if you suffer from cramps, try KURB tablets, a Kotex product compounded expressly for relief of periodic discomfort. It merits your confidence. Take only as directed on the package and see how KURBS can help you!



(★ T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

SCREEN-TOWN CHATTER



Bob Hope supports Dottie Lamour, top, as she plants her footprint in the concrete in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Above, Dottie describes Hope's cement-studded nose over a nationwide hook-up after Bob planted his nose print in the concrete.

SPENCER TRACY has to do a dreamy waltz with Irene Dunne. Now Spence is a good trouper but he just isn't the ballroom type. When shoe rationing set in, he thought he saw a way out. Spence informed the studio that he couldn't use his precious ration coupon for just dress shoes. He had never owned a pair in his life. The studio politely told him that he was going to wear dancing pumps—which *they* would furnish. Guess who's dancing with tears in his eyes—and liking it!

RED SKELTON was working with a director who seemed to forget that people eat lunch. Broad hints didn't help a bit. So Red, wearing top hat, white tie and tails, walked out in front of the studio and threw himself down in the gutter. Traffic jammed, a huge crowd gathered. Red lay there perfectly still. Finally, when he felt the audience was big enough, Red sat up and cracked: "Tell my children I starved to death on the set." Then he proceeded to "pass out" again.

JIMMY CAGNEY was rushing to a Victory bond rally when his car broke down. Fortunately a taxi swung in sight and Jimmy hailed it. The driver was a woman. Jimmy gave his instructions and asked her to step on it. Driving a few blocks more, the woman pulled over to the curb. "This isn't the address I gave you," exclaimed Jimmy. "I know it," was the nonchalant answer. "But you'll just have to wait. I've got an appointment to have my wave set!" Yes, this is war!

BESIDES many pleasant memories, Ty-Rone Power literally left his buddies with time on their hands. Just before he went into the Coast Guard, Ty gifted them with wrist watches. His own design and most unusual too. Instead of the usual crystal, a sliding metal door protects the hands and face.

AFTER fourteen weeks of living up to the name of their picture, Ida Lupino and Olivia de Havilland finally had it out on the set of "Devotion." All those affectionate sisterly scenes had to be shot while the girls weren't speaking to each other. Finally, their sense of humor won out. During a "take" Olivia's dog rushed in and jumped on Ida's lap. Both were so surprised they burst out laughing. After that the tension was broken and they got along like two little love birds again.



Whenever Simone Simon goes out for a social evening, George Guinle, the handsome Brazilian, can always be found at her side. When asked to confirm the romance rumors, Simone just looks coy as she is so sweetly doing, above, at the Mocambo.



Above, Veronica Lake with Jack Bell, Hollywood clothier, at Mocambo. Above right, skating-star Belita and Alan Curtis, who is now in the service, at a Beverly Hills swimming party.



TOO bad someone doesn't put a bug in that fading star's ear. At a Hollywood dinner party recently, everyone was doing nip-ups over Greer Garson. Everyone but the star we have in mind. When she was asked what she thought of Greer, she sweetly replied: "Considering that she's in her late forties, I think she does very well." No one thought it was funny. In fact, they felt sorry for the

star who really *does* look the age she tried to make Greer. What's more, she herself knows it. Therefore the bitter pill.

CARY GRANT swears he saw this on a theater marquee, while driving around trying to find a good movie: "Tonight, Henry Fonda in 'The Immoral Sergeant!'" Something had happened to the letter T.

QUITE inconspicuously Ray Milland has been adding to his hours in the air at a civilian flying school. Ray, who has terrific family responsibilities both here and in England, is making preparations to face the future.

AS A goodbye present to his wife whose first name is actually Ruby, Bob Taylor gave Barbara Stanwyck a ruby-studded heart-shaped locket. She wears it on a chain. It opens and inside are two pictures of her man.



**FEATURE
ATTRACTION**

JANE WYATT, ALBERT DEKKER
and RICHARD DIX, stars of
Harry Sherman Productions—
United Artists, now appearing
in "THE KANSAN".

In the Hollywood scene... or
in home scenes everywhere
you'll find Pepsi-Cola. It's
the feature attraction at
thirst time.

PEPSI-COLA

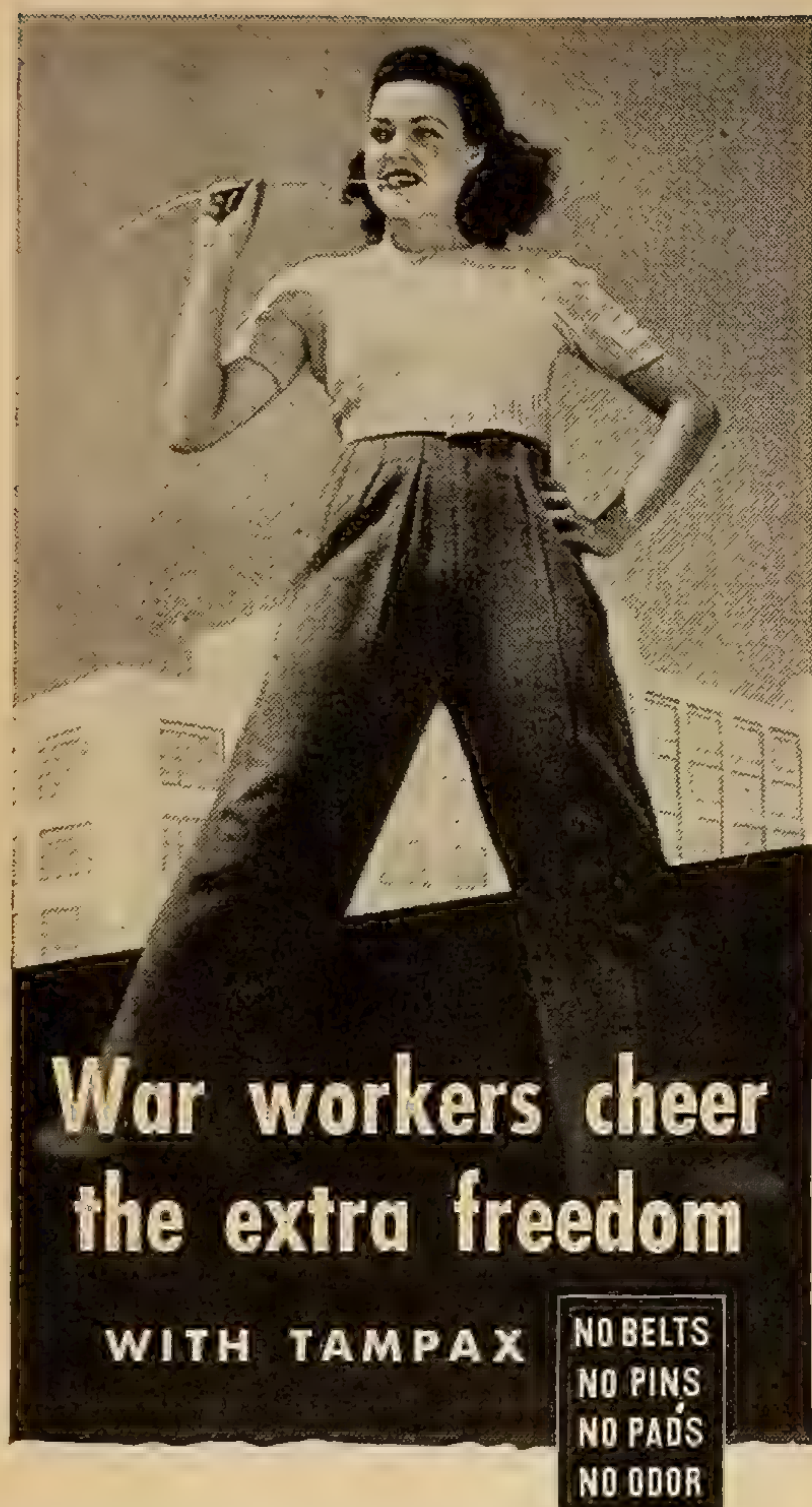
Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, New York. Bottled locally by Franchised Bottlers from coast to coast.

SCREENLAND

73

How To Get Along In Hollywood

Continued from page 39



Things move fast in war time. Changes that might take years now happen in weeks... Jammed buses, overtime hours, crowded rest-rooms—and great numbers of these slack-wearing girls find Tampax practically a necessity... For Tampax is sanitary protection that you wear *internally*. No bulging or bunching under the slacks, and you can change it "quick as a wink!" No belts, pins or pads. And wonder of wonders, no odor!

Tampax was perfected by a doctor for smart, modern women, for dainty sensitive women, for war workers, nurses, housewives, office girls, college girls—for active mothers and daughters... Easy disposal; no sanitary deodorant needed. Made of pure surgical cotton, it comes in neat patented applicator, so your hands need never touch the Tampax.

Remember the 3 sizes, especially the Super, which has about 50% extra absorbency. At drug stores or notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Bargain economy package lasts 4 months' average. Don't wait till *next* month! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



A year or so after my sister and I made our debut, I got a job in a revue headed by N. T. Granlund, theatrical showman. It was a good spot. It gave me more experience. But I knew instinctively that I wouldn't go on and on just being a show-girl. Consequently, I kept my eyes open for any likely breaks.

Without my knowing anything about it, a break was developing for me. Back in Cleveland, a girl named Orrel Johnson—who is now my companion here in Hollywood—was rehearsing an all-girl band for an eventual tour across the country. The owners of the band decided one fine day to hire a girl conductor. Orrel, you see, was only helping out temporarily. For some strange reason, they wired me and asked me to come to Cleveland to audition for the job. After much argument, NTG finally agreed to let me go.

When I arrived in Cleveland for the audition, I was told to start conducting the orchestra. This was something entirely new to me, but I picked up the baton, added some rhythm plus a little personality, and went into the number. I was given the job. I was also given a new name—Rita Rio.

Everything was going along nicely with my new work until the managers suddenly decided to call it quits. Orrel Johnson and I talked the situation over and made up our minds that we would take over the act ourselves. So we pooled our money and got to work.

During the next year, I played more one-night stands than I care to remember. But I did build up something of a name for myself, from New York to California. And I was drawing a good salary. At least, I thought it was good until Toby Wing, Faith Bacon, and Marie Wilson joined my troupe.

For some time, I had knocked myself out dancing, singing, and leading the band. On the other hand, Toby and Marie walked out on the stage, looked cute, cracked a few jokes, and Faith nonchalantly flung a feather in the breeze. Yet, they were getting all of the money and I was barely breaking even. My act drew \$4000 a week, but by the time I had paid the salaries of my band and of Toby, Marie, and Faith, plus the usual production expenses, I didn't come out so well. Finally, I decided to find out just why my three headliners were worth so much money.

"We have a name," they informed me. So I said to myself, "All right, you'll get a name, too." I had thought Rita Rio wasn't doing so badly for herself, but it seemed as though it wasn't enough. The obvious place, then, for me to get that added fame was Hollywood. I gave up the band and came here March 14, 1940, with Orrel.

And so began my lessons on how to get along in Hollywood.

To begin with, let me advise any girl who wants to come here for work in pictures that it's a very good idea to come with enough money to hold her up until the breaks begin heading her way. Fortunately, I had enough to keep me going. Even at that, however, it wasn't any too much during that first year that I waited, wondered, and hoped.

When I arrived here, it wasn't long before I was offered stock contracts with several studios. You know what stock contracts are. You get \$75 to \$150 a week and all you do is pose for leg art or play bits so small that no one ever knows—or cares—who you are. This wasn't for me. I refused all such offers. I made up my mind that I wouldn't work for any \$150 a week since

I had made far more than that on the stage. I decided to sit back and wait until the right offer came my way. And this is where I found my money that I had saved very welcome.

If any girl comes to Hollywood with any kind of a decent bankroll, she won't run the danger of being shuffled into the background. She can wait until her real chances come along. She can afford to be independent. And that's important. *Every girl here must be independent to get along.* I've always found that if you go into pictures cheap—you stay cheap. In other words, if you accept small offers, you'll remain a small personality in Hollywood's eyes. This is your first lesson on how to do the right thing in Hollywood.

During my first six months here the only thing I did was to make five "soundies" for Jimmy Roosevelt, one with Alan Ladd. I earned a good salary then, but the long spell of idleness before and after soon cut deeply into my savings.

Certainly I began to worry. I hate inaction and doing nothing was tying me up in knots. I actually became ill. When I consulted a doctor, he told me that there was nothing wrong with me but nerves. I could have told him that myself. The only cure was work, as I saw it. And *that* I wasn't getting. I began to wonder if I had been wise in refusing those first offers—but I went on refusing all that came my way.

I was just about to decide to accept any offer from any studio when I got a call from Paramount. They said they'd pay me \$400 a week. I took it. The date was March 14, 1941, a year to the day that I had arrived in Hollywood.

During that year, I had learned that most of my preconceived ideas about Hollywood were wrong. It wasn't a place of an abundance of glamor. It was, on the contrary, a small town. Everyone didn't have loads of money and furs and jewelry. And I learned that the name Rita Rio meant nothing, absolutely nothing to anybody in Hollywood!

When I was signed by Paramount, I was sure that what I had done in the past would



Here's Ray Montgomery, the handsome lad who played Pvt. Henry W. Chester, the assistant radio operator in Warners' "Air Force."

carry some weight. But my first talk with a producer certainly changed that idea. He was only interested in what my last picture was. I didn't have any last picture. I tried to tell him of my stage work. He wasn't impressed. So he sighed, smiled nicely, and the interview was over.

A few days later, the name I had thought so important was changed. I was now Dona Drake.

My experience should be helpful to all young girls who want to come to Hollywood and get along. It should teach you that no studio is going to go into yips of delight when you tell them that you were a hit back home in your little theater or in college. Hollywood doesn't care what you've done before. It only wants to know what you are doing *now*.

To get along in Hollywood when you're a newcomer, you've got to forget all of your past dreams and all of your ideas about your talent. You've just got to sit back and wait—as I did—and keep your eyes open. There is no way that I know of to force open the doors here. It's all a matter of breaks and being able to take care of yourself until the breaks come. And it's especially a matter of patience. How well I realize that now! If you don't have patience and the will to stick it out, you'll never get along here.

It's not only important to be able to take it on the chin before you get your contract, it's also important to be able to take it *after* you get your contract. That was the next thing I learned about Hollywood.

I had been at Paramount for six months and I hadn't done any pictures. So I decided to go to the producers and ask them what was holding me back. You see, I have always fought for my career. I have always believed that no girl can get ahead if she's shy and afraid. I never was when I was on the stage and I couldn't see why I should be in Hollywood. So I talked to the producers frankly and openly. I never went to any subordinate men—only to the men whose words were law, who could bring about the opportunities I wanted. I was determined that the studio wasn't going to forget me.

Naturally, the results of all my talks weren't all successful. I was told that my chance would come. That I only had to be patient. But at least my determination to make good made the producers realize I was on the scene. This, to me, is important for any girl who comes to Hollywood. You've got to fight for every break—for every bit of progress. If you're backward and quiet, afraid to speak up for yourself, you'll be shoved into the background so fast that your head will swim. The only thing to remember as far as fighting for what you want is concerned is that you must be sure you can deliver the goods when the opportunity comes. If you just talk a lot and then can't come through, you'll still be relegated to the ash heap. Fight—if you are sincerely talented and want a break. Don't come to Hollywood at all if you only have beauty to offer. It may be a good introduction, but it will never make you a star.

While I fought to some advantage, it was Dorothy Lamour who really got me my first job in a Paramount picture. She suggested that I play a rôle in "Aloma of the South Seas." It seemed I was at last on my way. Once again, I found that I hadn't learned how to get along in Hollywood.

After "Aloma," there was another long period of waiting. Finally, someone hinted that my appearance was amiss.

My hair was dyed black when I came to Hollywood. My make-up was—well, vivid. I wore a lot of lipstick and mascara. I was a type—and I thought I was attracting attention.

I began to make changes. I let my hair grow back to its natural color. I gave up



A recent portrait of Constance Luft Huhn
by Maria de Kammerer

Too busy for Beauty? You Need a *Satin-finish* Lipstick!

Says Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee



ARE YOU one of America's super-busy women? Are you often even too busy for beauty? Yes? Then you owe it to yourself to try one of Tangee's new SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks...lipsticks that, once on, STAY ON!

Only Tangee's SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks bring your lips such exquisite grooming. Not too moist, not too dry. The glorious Tangee shade of your choice seems to FLOW on to your lips...keeping them flawlessly smooth far longer than you would dream possible.

I suggest you let one of our SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks spare you much anxious wondering about the state of your make-up! I suggest, too, that you wear the special rouge that matches your Tangee Lipstick...the special shade of Tangee's UN-Powdery face powder that matches your complexion.



NEW TANGEE MEDIUM-RED...a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light... just right.

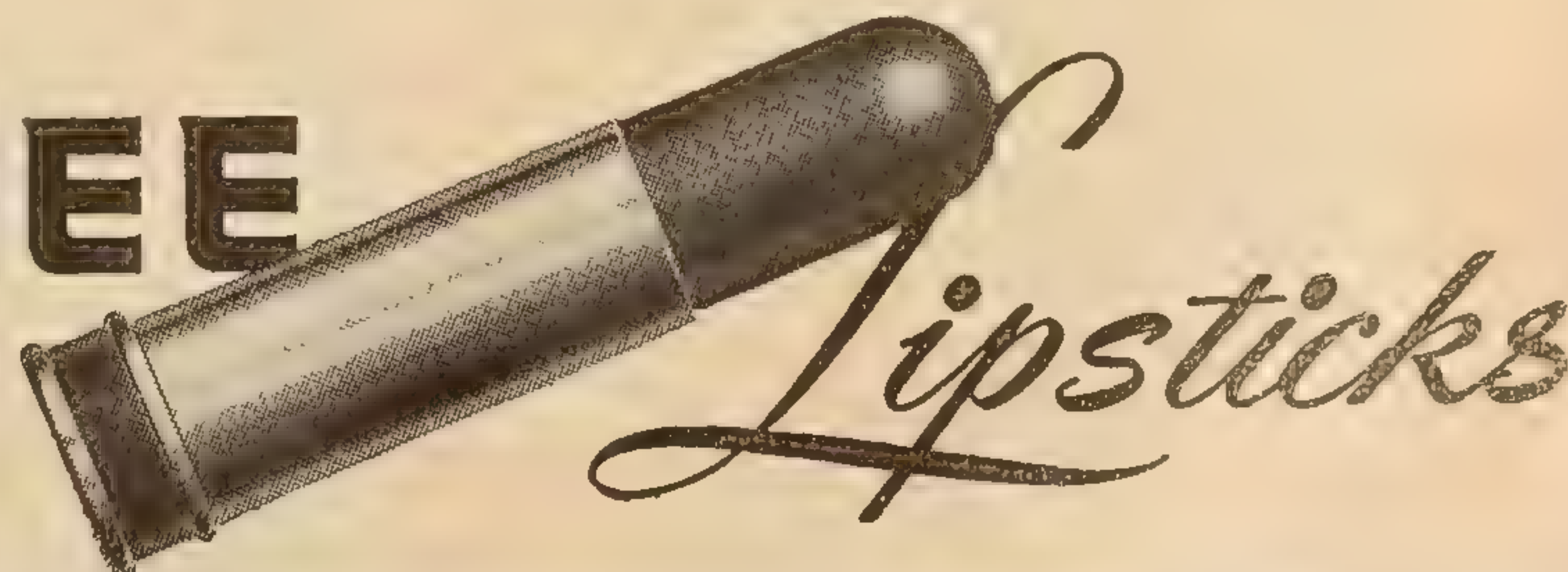
TANGEE RED-RED... "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED... "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade,"... always flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL... "Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

TANGEE

SATIN-FINISH



BEAUTY—glory of woman
LIBERTY—glory of nations
Protect them both...

BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS

*The hats are all right but
my hair is ALL WRONG!*



ANN: "No hat seems to look well because my hair's so dull and drab-looking! Oh dear! and I did want to look my best when Jim comes home."



MISS BETTY: "Why don't you try Nestle Colorinse? Many of the girls with the loveliest hair who come into my shop tell me they use it after *every* shampoo. It rinses away the dull soap film, you know. And it makes your hair actually *radiant* with highlights—so much softer and silkier, too...a perfect setting for the new Spring hats."



ANN: "Jim loved my new hat and he raved about my hair. Said he never saw it look so 'alive'—so full of sparkle and color. It's a million thanks from me to Nestle Colorinse. And here's something else I've discovered. Nestle Shampoo BEFORE and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinsing makes hair still lovelier."

P.S. FOR YOUR NEXT PERMANENT, ASK YOUR BEAUTICIAN FOR A NESTLE OPALESCENT CREME WAVE.

**Nestle
COLORINSE**



2 rinses for 10¢
5 rinses for 25¢
At 5 and 10¢ stores
and drug stores

the flashy dresses I had worn and went in for dungarees and plaid jackets. I became a tomboy. I had always been a tomboy more or less anyway. In short, I was the hotcha kid who made wise-cracks, talked loudly, and was always obviously *present*.

The result of this change was that less attention than ever was paid to me!

Finally, I made up my mind that I wanted to have some fashion pictures taken. When I told the editor at the studio that I wanted to pose for fashion art, she said, "That's impossible. I don't have any dresses to fit you." You see, I wear size eight or nine. I told her that I'd wear a twelve and pin it up so that it would fit me. Then she said, "I don't see how I can use you for fashion art, Dona. The clothes you wear aren't right. Your hair is wrong. You simply aren't well-groomed." So *that* is why I haven't been making any impression, I thought. I'd been trying too hard. Well, I managed to convince the fashion editor that I could pose for the art. I bought a lot of new clothes and added plausible accessories. I fixed my hair up. And I ended by being a suitable subject for fashion pictures. I also threw away the dungarees and from then on wore only smart dresses and suits.

I realize now that no girl can get along in Hollywood by obviously trying to make an impression. Simplicity should be the keynote of your wardrobe—simplicity plus smartness. Hollywood has cast more than one part on a girl's appearance. If you look frowzy, you'll get either frowzy rôles or none at all.

I've also found out that no girl can get along here if she does all the talking and never listens. No one ever had a chance to talk when I was around—and, needless to say, I never listened to anyone. I thought I was letting everyone know what a good "Joe" I was. Instead, I was only appearing ridiculous and annoying. It didn't enter my head that charm and poise counted.

My other important bit of advice in this connection is: Be willing to learn and take advantage of what you learn. I know this pays, for when I corrected such mistakes as appearance and obviousness, my career began to move forward. My options were taken up twice, and "Louisiana Purchase," "Road to Morocco," and the others followed.

You might assume that because I dressed as I did that I was one who made sensa-

tional entrances into night clubs in sensational gowns. On the contrary, I didn't have any terrific gowns and I didn't go to night clubs.

I have never cared a hoot about night life. I don't drink and I don't smoke. And I can't see what fun it is to be pushed around on a crowded dance floor. For a while, I admit, I did go out a little, but I got so bored with it all that I began to stay at home or to go to a movie with the only fellow I have ever gone out with in Hollywood—Tom Neal. At the same time, I watched the kind of friends I made.

For a while after I went back to my normal living, I was called a snob. Few could understand why I stayed home so much and was never seen with *the* crowds. But that didn't worry me. You see, I love my home. It's a modest affair and was actually decorated around a sofa pillow that I liked—and I'm not kidding. I'd sooner spend my time reading a book at home or playing with my three dogs and two Siamese cats. For a while, I even had rabbits but I had to get rid of them. For obvious reasons.

To a girl who wants a lot of friends, my plan would probably not be very good. But I've never wanted a lot of friends. A few close ones are enough for me. And I've learned that no girl, in Hollywood particularly, can ever be happy living up to an impression. Any girl is in for a fall who comes to Hollywood and thinks that she can be a success if she drinks, smokes, is seen out in spectacular gowns and with a different fellow from a "certain" crowd every night, and who is known as a "good sport" who will do anything. She'll only tab herself as a night club haunter and Hollywood will soon lose interest in her as far as a career is concerned.

Only recently, there have been cases where a star has been told by her studio to cut out night life—or else. Acting on the screen is tough, hard work, and it demands the highest efficiency from the stars. Physically, no girl can step out every night and do her best work the next day in front of the camera. So don't think your success in Hollywood depends on where you're seen, with whom, and how often. It's your work on the screen that determines whether you'll be a success or not—and whether you can get along in Hollywood. Forget glamor, girls, and get ready for a tough job!

In this matter of being a good sport and



Mary Lee, Republic's 17-year-old singing star, will soon be seen in her first starring picture, "Shantytown." Scene from film, above, shows her with John Archer and Marjorie Lord.

being seen with the so-called right men in the so-called right crowds comes the inevitable subject of wolves. Right here and now I want to tell every girl who dreams of Hollywood that the town isn't just a place for designing men. As a matter of fact, there are fewer unprincipled men here than there are in most places I've visited.

I've always maintained that any girl can take care of herself in any emergency—if she wants to. She needn't date the wrong type of men just to create attention for herself. That has been proved in one instance lately where a star made her name by being seen with questionable men. She is now the laughing stock of the town.

It's my opinion, however, that in a good many cases the man isn't always the "bad" character. The girl is equally at fault. She may think that all she has to do is to "impress" a prominent male and her career will go sailing along. But she forgets that the really important men are more inclined to provide a chance for the girl who does not think that she is irresistible to every man. And if you think I'm wrong, try to point out one big actress on the screen today who has reached stardom by acquiring a reputation that only served as the means for unpleasant gossip.

Don't forget, girls, your success will depend on *you*—not on whom you date. The men here will respect you—if you command their respect. You can't blame them if you lead with your chin. No man is ever going to mistake talent for cheapness. Forget all you've heard about forwardness bringing a girl the breaks. In short, be sure you aren't a "wolf" yourself.

It's as important not to gossip as it is not to be a wolf. As for myself, I have never been one to indulge in gossip of any sort.

I have always made it a point to defend the underdog. If I hear someone being criticized, I stand up for him. After all, if I were being talked about—as no doubt I will be sooner or later—I'd want someone to defend me. Gossip is really a dangerous thing in Hollywood. It can—and has—started rumors that easily ruin lives and careers. So my advice is don't think you can get along here by joining in every bit of talk that you hear. Keep yourself out of gossip completely in Hollywood—and you'll never involve yourself in any trouble that might result. Ignore it—and it can't hurt you.

It's as much a part of a girl's nature to be jealous as it is to gossip. And jealousy will get you no place in Hollywood either.

I've lost parts to other actresses at the studio, but I haven't been jealous. I know there are opportunities for everyone here. Besides, I'm too busy to think about the breaks someone else is getting that I might want. When a girl resorts to jealousy and envy in Hollywood, she is only advertising her own limitations. Do your own work and do it well. And you'll find that there will be plenty of chances for you!

Yes, I've learned a lot from Hollywood. And because I have been willing to learn, my career has changed from a slipshod thing—as it was before I changed my appearance—into one of promise. Hollywood has taught me what discouragement and heartache are—and both were new feelings for me. Both were important, though. They are necessary parts of the maturity of any young girl. Hollywood has taught me to check up on myself and to get some sense. It has showed me my shortcomings. It has, above all, taught me how little I've known and how much I have to know before I can attain success.

Now, I know how to get along in Hollywood. *You* can learn too if you watch the simple rules. Don't ever forget—the disillusionment and the lost hopes will be of your own making, just as fame and success are up to you!

Hats Off to you Moviegoers!

Moviegoers of America—what a grand, generous, patriotic group of alert, loyal Americans you are!

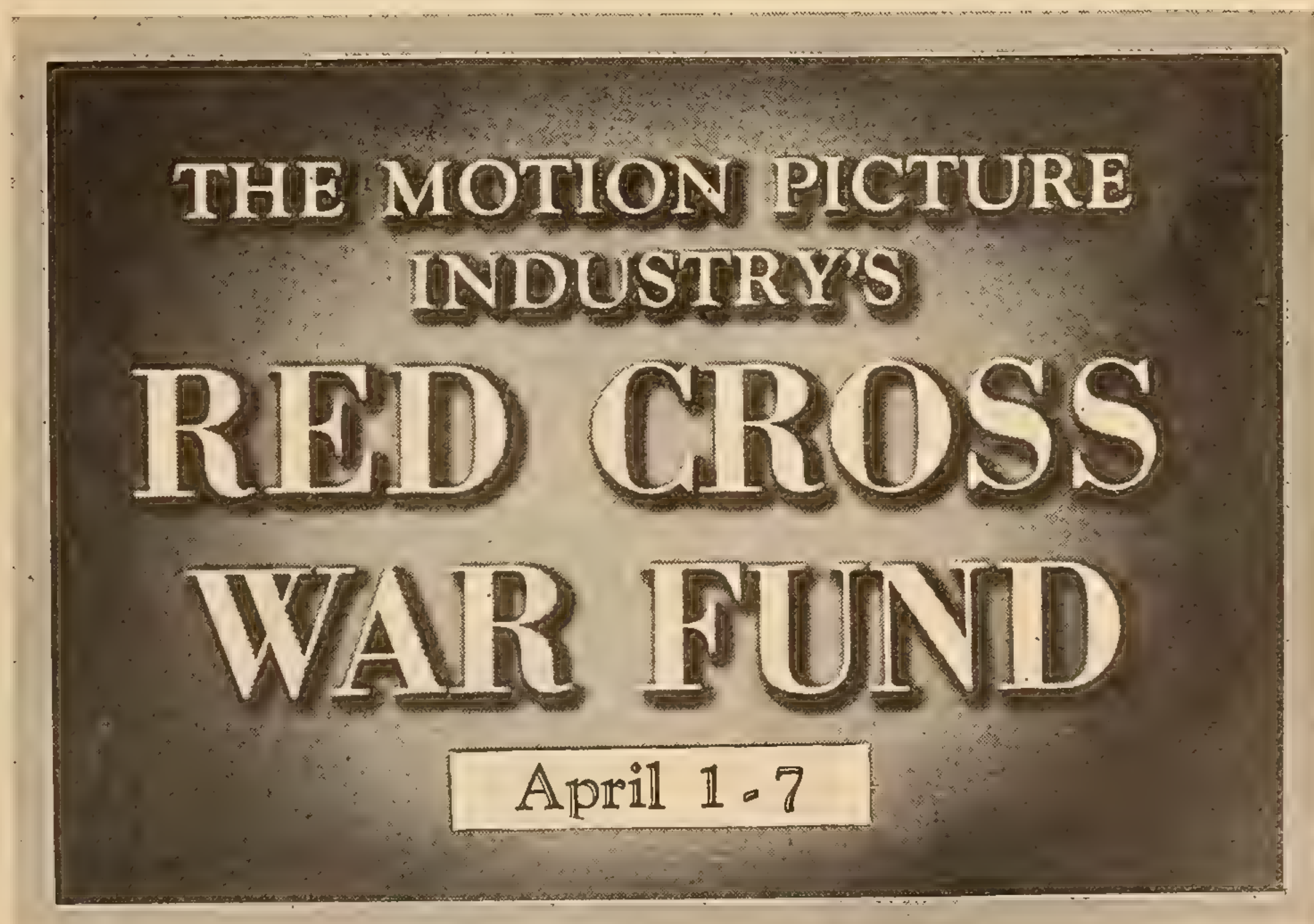
And what an important part you are playing in the home-front battles of this war.

Perhaps you do not realize just what a fine job you are doing. Did you know that, in the theatre drives, you have magnificently contributed all this:

Greek War Relief		over \$1,000,000
Army & Navy Relief		over 2,126,000
USO		over 950,000
United Nations Fund		over 1,500,000
Infantile Paralysis	 ('42)	1,450,000
Infantile Paralysis	 ('43)	1,500,000 (est.)

Whenever the call has come, you have responded—with your donations, with your scrap, with your Bond-purchases — — with your heart!

*and Now Comes
this Most Important Call of All...*



If you have given—try to give again!
Dig deep for a cause deep in every American heart!



WAR ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE OF THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY

"Follow Me"

(SUIVEZ MOI)



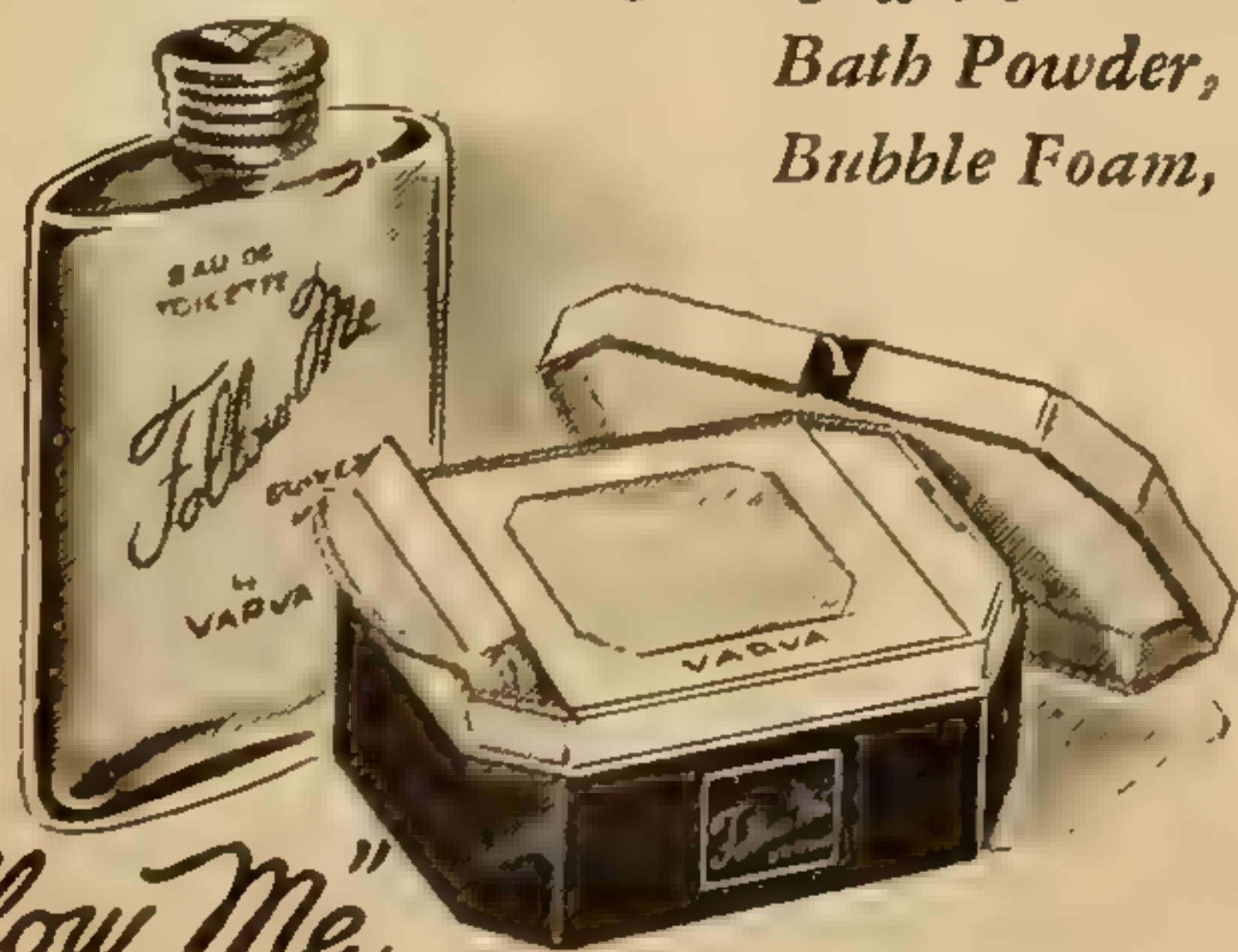
YOU lead the conga line at USO dances. You organize bond drives, scrap drives, charity drives. Your whole set follows your lead! Your perfume is, obviously, Varva's "Follow Me" . . . the fragrance that beckons, leads, lasts!

Parfum, \$1 to 15. Eau de Toilette, \$1 to 4.50

Face Powder, 6 guest puffs, \$1

Bath Powder, \$1

Bubble Foam, \$1



"Follow Me" by

VARVA

THE FRAGRANCE THAT LEADS AND LASTS

Varva, Inc., 19 W. 18th Street, New York City

"Lady of Burlesque"

Continued from page 27

personally grooming you for stardom."

"No thanks to your first comic!" Dixie burned. "Fossy, are they all alike? Don't you ever make a new one?"

"Not with comics." Foss smiled his slow, good-natured smile. "Only with girls, and only S. B. Foss can do anything new with them."

"Then I guess it's up to me," Dixie said, starting up the stairs leading to the dressing room. "I'm just the gal to enjoy the job!"

The dressing room showed the theater at its worst. It was long and cluttered but none too big for the eight show-girls and five dancers who made up the women principals of the show. At one end of the room was the window looking out on the roof a few feet below it and across the roof was the back of a second floor chop suey joint where a couple of Chinese waiters usually loitered on their rickety porch trying to get relief from the heat of the kitchens. But that end wasn't as bad as the other with the door leading into the wash-room whose plumbing went right back to the days of good old Queen Victoria herself.

Alice Angel and Janine, two of the show-girls who liked Dixie, ran over to her and gave her an impulsive hug.

"If I could pleathe the cuthtomerth like that," Alice lisped in her little-girl voice, "I'd be the happieth girl in the world!"

Only Gee Gee saw the quick anger that blazed in Lolita LaVerne's eyes as she came in the door. Lolita didn't even try to make a secret of how she felt about Foss' latest discovery.

"Don't we get any congrats from the 'golden-voiced goddess'?" Gee Gee grinned, her voice sticking in the pins where they'd hurt most.

"Oh, your act has its novelty appeal." Lolita's mouth cracked in a hard smile.

"Well, there are plenty of novelties around the old Opera House," Dixie began hotly. Then she frowned as the sound of applause with a couple of bravos thrown in came from the ventilator that the girls used to communicate with the men's dressing room on the floor above. Dixie knew the voice that had shouted those bravos! "If that's who I think it is," she shouted warn-

ingly through it, "I hope you brought your shroud!"

"Now is that the way to talk when I was just offering my congrats?" Biff's breezy voice chided. "That was some act. When we get around to our first date you'll have to wear your working clothes."

The only thing that kept Dixie from making a burned up comeback was Sandra, one of the show-girls dashing out of the wash-room.

"That settles it!" she said indignantly. "We've got to have a new one!"

"New what?" Dixie demanded. Then her wry smile came as she gestured toward the door. "Oh, the museum piece. I haven't seen one like that since the Wilkes-Barre Regal."

"Some ways I think it would have been better to stay on the farm," one of the show-girls grinned.

"Hey!" Biff's voice boomed down through the ventilator again. "Look, to keep you tomatoes from squawking so much we're chipping in a buck each for a down payment on a new one. How's that strike you?"

"Our hero!" Dixie mocked.

"Biff ought to pay double." Lolita gave Dixie a malicious look. "With his new interest he'll be in here all the time."

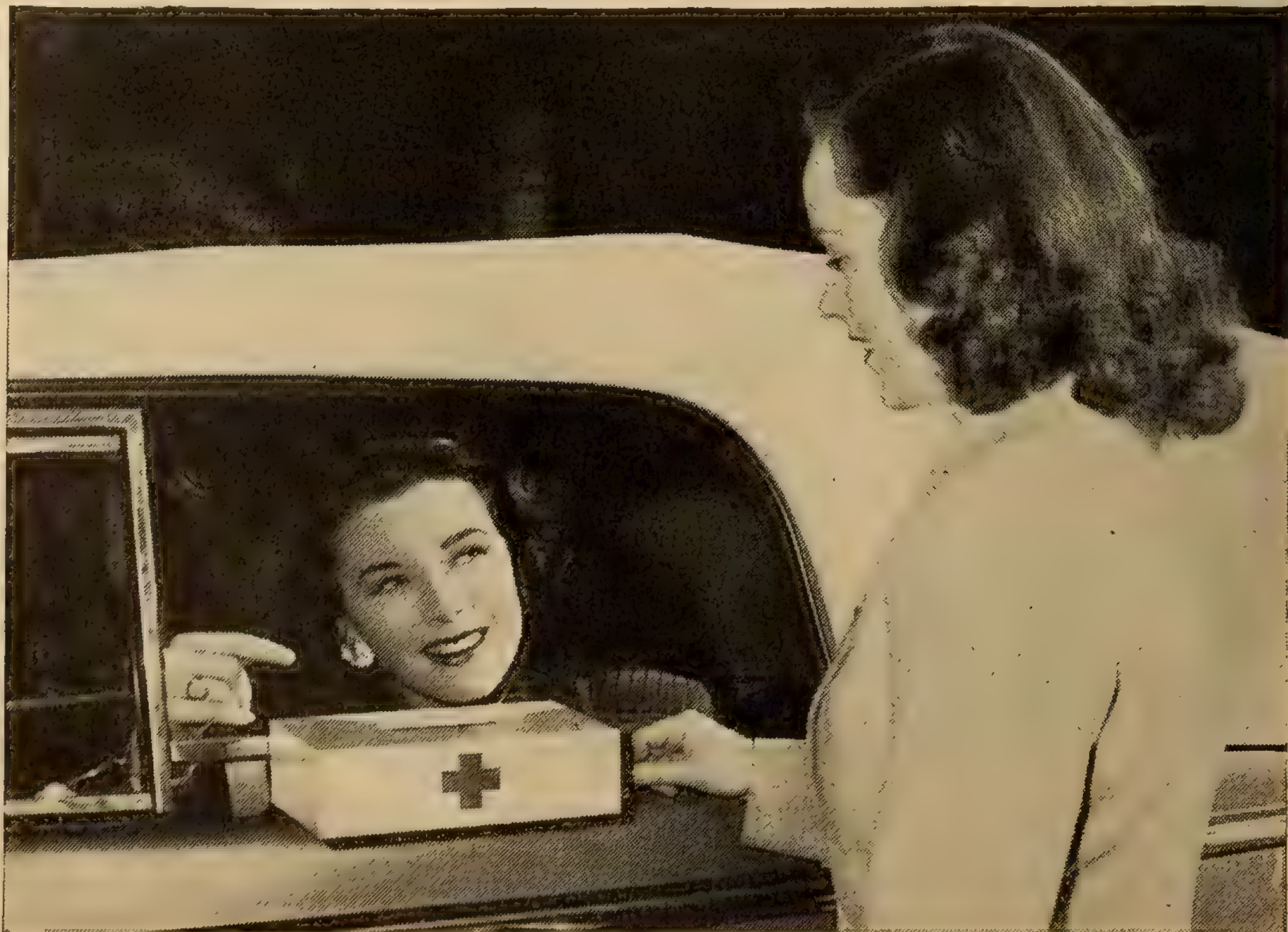
"If you figure that way," Dixie came back at her, "don't forget your saloon keeper friend, Louie, even if he doesn't work here."

"Sure," Sandra laughed. "Anybody that saved as much out of the rackets as he did can support part of this joint's upkeep."

"And while you're at it you'd better put Russell Rogers down for his whole salary," Dixie went on. She'd been there long enough to see how things were between Lolita and the slightly over-age juvenile.

"Is that so?" Lolita blazed. Then her eyes narrowed as Dolly Baxter came into the room. "Well, someone else had better forget what he looks like, too," she added significantly, her eyes fastened on Dolly's flushed face. "Some dames never know when a guy's fed up."

Dolly sprang at her, catching up a nail-file from one of the dressing tables as she lunged and the girls caught her just in time. But the racket could be heard right down to the stage and when Sandra flung



By sharing her car and giving her co-workers a lift home, Marguerite Chapman, who is featured in the Columbia picture, "Destroyer," is able to make extra weekly contributions to the Red Cross. Above, Marguerite shows her collection box to a friend.

CAST

"LADY OF BURLESQUE"

A Hunt Stromberg Production
Released Through United Artists

Based on the best-selling novel, "The G-String Murders," by Gypsy Rose Lee. Screenplay by James Gunn. Directed by William A. Wellman.

Dixie Daisy.....Barbara Stanwyck
Biff Brannigan.....Michael O'Shea
S. B. Foss.....J. Edward Bromberg
Gee Gee Graham.....Iris Adrian
Dolly Baxter.....Gloria Dickson
Lolita LaVerne.....Victoria Faust
Princess Nirvena..Stephanie Bachelor
Inspector Harrigan....Charles Dingle
Alice Angel.....Marion Martin
JanineJanis Carter

open the door to push the struggling Dolly out, the place was crowded. Sammy the stage manager, was there, and Stachi the doorman, and Jake the prop man. Even the little old guy who everyone called the Hermit because he so seldom came down from his high seat up in the flies was trying to push Moey the candy butcher aside to have a better look at what was going on.

Lolita was slumped in front of her dressing table by that time sobbing out her woes to the picture of her mother under the mirror, the way she always did when she was upset.

"She tried to disfigure me," she whimpered. "She's always been jealous of my beauty."

"Jealous of what beauty?" Dolly screamed. She had strong lungs, the kind that come with a big ample body like hers. "Dirty hypocrite, always talking to her mother's picture!"

Stachi shook his head at that. His eyes looked steely. He'd never even tried to hold back what he thought of burlesque people.

"Opera singers, I could stand," he muttered, reminding everyone again he had known the theater when it really was an opera house. "But prima donnas were nothing to burlesque artists."

"Trash ain't got no manners," the Hermit said sourly. "Think they're better'n an honest man who works for his living and doesn't take his clothes off."

Sammy nodded at Dixie then and at Biff who'd come racing down as the music played the cue for the *Pickle Persuader* number. Dixie was going to do it with Biff and she felt she couldn't wait for the blackout when she was supposed to slap his face. But before that she had to kiss him. She thought she'd hate it, but it was funny the way she felt, even just kissing him on the stage, as if part of her wasn't really mad at Biff at all, that it was only the ambitious side of her that still wanted to slap him for the way he'd practically made her break down in her first routine.

As they were coming out of the clench Dixie's eyes froze for she saw a line of policemen take their place at the back of the audience. The joint was being raided, and something was awfully fishy. A red light was supposed to flash when cops were in the lobby, and no light had flashed. Biff leaned over and gave her another kiss which wasn't in the script so he could whisper to her.

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"Not a chance, Brannigan!" Dixie sotto-voced right back at him. "I've been saving up for this all evening."

She gave him a terrific whack on the face, putting in a couple of extra ones that weren't in the script either, and then as the lights blacked out bedlam broke loose in the theater with the cops running up the aisles and the customers trying to get out.

But it wasn't only the stage lights that went out. Backstage was like an air raid rehearsal with not a glimmer of light showing anywhere. Dixie bumped into someone as she tried to grope her way to the coal chute. Then a beam from a flashlight streaked past her and before she could even scream two thin, long hands reached out from the shadows and grabbed her throat. There was that moment of wild terror before she went limp.

The next thing she knew the lights were on and somebody was shaking her and she looked into the grim face of a police-woman. At first Dixie was relieved, seeing it was the law that was holding her.

"Why did you have to—" she began. Then terror closed in on her again as she saw the woman's big, stubby hands. They weren't the ones that had caught at her throat after all.

It would have been funny seeing Lolita make a dash for the telephone and seeing the whole cast struggling with the cops and Biff Brannigan calmly trying to do a rope trick and looking as if it were all a part of the performance if it hadn't been for her terror.

"Be calm!" Foss shouted, holding up his hands for attention. "S. B. Foss has never let his actors down. No artist that's working under the Foss banner rides in a pie wagon. I, out of my own pocket, have hired limousines to take you to jail and in one hour, I give you my word, I will have you out!"

He kept his word all right. He even went further giving them that swell party afterwards.

"I drink a toast to my actors," he said as they all sat down, Biff making sure he was getting the seat next to Dixie. "Some people think I'm a schlemiel, some people want I should make a little room in the

manager's chair so they can move in. But they can't because I own the stock and what I say is the law." He pounded his fist on the table. "Someone in my theater is responsible for the raid. It wasn't the cops who kept the red light from flashing and it wasn't the cops who cut the lights backstage either. It was someone right from the middle."

"And it wasn't the cops who tried to strangle me!" Dixie sprang to her feet. "That female flatfoot had hands like a couple of porterhouse steaks!"

"What some people will do to get attention!" Lolita said loftily.

"Shut up, you!" Gee Gee turned on her. "Dix, what are you talking about?" she asked.

"When the lights went out I made for the coal chute." Dixie began trembling again. "And somebody grabbed me."

Biff, the big humor man, couldn't resist a chance like that. He had to cut in then, his eyes on Mandy, one of the comics who'd come pretty honestly by that name even if it wasn't the one his mother gave him.

"Mandy, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," Biff said.

"Oh, it wathn't me," Mandy said, and you had to know him before you knew he wasn't imitating Alice Angel but really talked that way. "I'm not that thort of fellow."

"Dixie," Foss said and his eyes looked frightened, "someone was only trying to find his way out."

"A neck is a funny thing to mistake for a sign post," Dixie said. "I don't say that they wanted to kill me. It was dark. What I'm saying is that somebody in that theater tried to kill somebody else."

"Maybe somebody does want to get rid of somebody else around here," Dolly said suddenly, her eyes glaring at Russell and Lolita sitting so chummily together. "I mean three people get crowded at a table for two. And when some people get crowded, they push!"

"Please!" Foss entreated. "This has gone far enough." He reached down under the table and took up a bulging brief case and when he opened it everybody's eyes bulged too, for it was filled with Opera House



John Donat, son of Robert Donat, will be seen with Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Hara in RKO-Radio's "This Land Is Mine," which tells the story of an occupied town in Europe.

stock certificates and he was giving everyone a paid up share. "Anybody who tries to break up this little family is worse than a schlemiel," he said, and it was funny that he said it just as he was giving Lolita her share.

Lolita started to say something, then she changed her mind, for the door had opened and somebody had come in. It was the first time Dixie saw Louie Grindero but she knew now why they had shortened his name to Louie the Grin, for two scars ran from the corner of his mouth to his cheekbones, giving the impression of a ghastly smile.

"So Sir Galahad finally got here," Lolita said bitingly. "Why didn't you come to the station and bail me out? I called you, didn't I? You got money, haven't you?"

"I don't go near jails," Louie said in that toneless voice that matched his smile. "I don't go near cops. You know that."

"Big Louie the Grin turns grey when he sees a cop like a punk," Lolita jibed. "You shouldn't try pluggin' Brooklyn cops, Louie." His face frightened her then. She stopped. Nobody knew what to expect. But when he spoke his voice was quiet.

"Get your coat," he said. Then as she hesitated his voice got even quieter. "You don't want your coat?"

That did it. She picked it up and started for the door. Louie waited just a minute. He reached out and gave Russell a slap with the flat of his hand that sent him sprawling. Then he followed Lolita to the door.

Things certainly were getting sudden and violent all right. Everyone tried to be gay and drank more champagne than they should. Dixie had the makings of a bad hangover when she left going on toward morning. She didn't even try to argue when Biff insisted on seeing her home or when he suggested they stop at the drugstore for breakfast.

"I never have a headache," he grinned, digging into the huge breakfast he'd ordered which made Dixie shudder.

"This is the first morning I've ever had two," she snapped, "one in the head and one sitting beside me."

"Let's relax and get down to why you really came along with me." Even Dixie couldn't get Biff down. "What's the sum total of your reaction to me?"

"No!" Dixie said flatly in words from the one syllable department.

"Is it the set of my shoulders, the look in my eyes, the sound of my jokes?"

"You hand me a lot of laughs, some you don't mean to," she shrugged. "You're a comic."

"What's the matter with comics?" he demanded.

"I went into show business at seven," Dixie said. "The first comic I ever knew gyped me out of my piggie bank. When I was eleven comics were looking at my ankles and when I was fourteen they were just looking. When I was fifteen I'd been stuck with enough lunch checks to paper a three-story house. They're shiftless, dame-chasing, ambitionless—"

"I got it!" he grinned. "You're ambitious."

"Maybe I'd like to get away from comics." She gave him a level stare. "Maybe I'd like to be in a Broadway show and have Sunday nights off."

"With your refrigerating technique you wouldn't know what to do with them," Biff scoffed. "You must have a heart like an old hacksaw blade."

"And what does a comic have for a heart?" She picked up her bag. "An old makeup towel, soggy with grease paint and cheap lipstick. Don't get me wrong, Brannigan, this is just one girl who isn't going to add her print to the collection."

The girls were dividing their attention



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between the morning tabloid accounts of the raid and Siggie, the G-string salesman, when she got to the theater. Things were settling down, especially when Moey the candy butcher came in with the crate holding the new prop for the wash-room.

"It ain't hot, is it?" Gee Gee asked having got to know some of Moey's early history.

"Whadya mean, hot?" Moey asked indignantly. "A pal of mine I used to work with took up plumbing when we went legitimate and whadya know, he gives it to me wholesale. And what's more I save you plenty by installing it personally. Look," he said triumphantly yanking off the cover of the crate. "It's got class enough for the Queen of Sheba. Now you'd really have something if you had a whole suite to match."

It was beautiful. It looked just like marble and it was spic and span brand new. Yes, there wasn't any doubt that wash-basin would make the rest of the plumbing look worse than ever. But one thing at a time, Dixie told herself as the girls began planning a party to install the basin. They'd get the beer from Louie's saloon next door and food from the chop suey joint across the way and they'd make it a real opening. Only it didn't look good for the food part of it when Lolita came in to change and threw a soda bottle at one of the Chinese waiters across the way who stared at her as she stripped her dress off. "Maybe that'll teach you," she said as the bottle conked him on the head. "Ya sneakin' son of a peeping Tom! A lady's entitled to privacy."

"Why don't you dress away from the window like everybody else?" Dixie demanded. "You'll get plenty of privacy if that waiter's hurt. They have laws for people like you. Listen," she went to the

window, "I'm going over there and try to patch things up."

It wasn't easy even with Dixie's warm smile. When she first went over it looked as if S. B. Foss would have to get himself a new star.

"Now wait, boys," Dixie said as they glared at her. "I'm carrying a white flag. You Chinese fight too darn well for us to want to mix with you."

That almost did it and when Dixie showed Wong the waiter how to fix the bump on his forehead by putting ice on it that finished it. By the time she was leaving she'd made friends with everyone, even with Wong.

"Wait a minute," he said as she started across the roof. He gave her a small box. "Ginseng root," he bowed ceremoniously. "Grows only under gallows where men have died. You eat it, live forever."

"Thanks, thanks a lot," Dixie said, but she felt frightened inside. She couldn't get over that fear even when the girls started kidding her when she told them about it. Sandra took the box and began prying the wax sealing the cover with her nail-file as the wash-room door opened and Moey came out.

"Everything's hunkeydory now," he said. "But you'd better clear out early for the finale. Jake has a few surprises he wants to put in for the unveiling."

Suddenly Sandra screamed.

"Look," Lolita pointed at the root Sandra was holding up. "It's shaped like a man." Her voice sounded fascinated. "Not so much like a man, more like a skeleton hanging from the gallows. Want to trade it in, Dixie?"

"You can have the fool thing," Dixie shuddered. Then she looked up at the new girl who came into the room as Moey left. Everyone was staring at her with eyes

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that didn't even try to conceal their dislike.

"Look what the pack rats brought out of the sewer!" Dolly was the first to recover. "The Princess Nirvena!"

"I am the star of this theater," proclaimed the Princess, who, Dixie was to discover later, had never been nearer Russia than the neighborhood around the ball park in Brooklyn where she'd been born. "I haff been in the hospital for the last two weeks. Dislocated vertebrae."

Sandra sniffed. "She threw a bump that shook the second balcony and sprung herself into the orthopedic ward!" she said.

"Maybe she took a little trip." Lolita looked at the phony Russian meaningfully. "Maybe to Toledo for old times' sake!"

"I don't go to Toledo!" The Princess stamped her foot in quick temper. "Only tramps work in Toledo." She started haughtily toward the door. "I dress alone, downstairs. I would rather live in a pigsty than with you."

Sandra flung her mirror down on the dressing table. "If it weren't bad luck, I'd let her have it!" she cried.

Jake came in then and the girls hustled out leaving him to finish the surprises he'd promised for the unveiling of the new wash-room gadget. Only maybe they wouldn't have been so quick to go if they knew what the real surprise was going to be.

Dixie wouldn't have gone up to the dressing room before the finale if Sammy hadn't sent her to look for Lolita who wasn't in the wings with the others. Dixie didn't care much if she was there or not after the way she'd been fighting off stage with Louie when he found her with Russell, screaming so hard when he hit Russell it almost ruined Dixie's scene. But she'd had presence of mind to signal to the drummer who beat the traps to cut out the furious voices.

Still she had to find her, for Sammy was in a temper. So when Lolita didn't answer her call she went into the room. She grinned then as she saw the lock on the wash-room door sealed up with wax to keep snoopers out and curiously went over and

touched it. It was still soft and some of it came off and stuck to her finger. Then Sammy called up the ventilator from downstairs and she heard him groan when she said Lolita wasn't there.

A minute later she heard him running up the stairs. "Whadya mean she isn't here?" he demanded, grabbing the knob on the wash-room door. "Have you looked in—"

"Look out!" Dixie warned him. "Jake sealed that!"

Her voice rose in terror then for Jake had pulled the door open and she saw Lolita LaVerne's body propped up against the pipes of the wash-basin, the garish overhead light spotlighting the rhinestones in the G-string garrotted around her neck. There was no doubt about it. Lolita was dead. *Murdered!*

"It's her G-string!" Dixie faltered.

Biff, who had come dashing up with the others, nodded his head. "And it ain't there for an ornament!" he said dully.

It was the wax on her finger and the print on the door that made Inspector Harrigan single Dixie out for questioning first. The mystery had deepened more than ever by the time the police arrived, for the G-string had disappeared from Lolita's throat. Then, when one of the detectives brought in Wong and another discovered Louie the Grin had taken his car and disappeared after a mysterious call from Moey, Dixie for once was glad to lose the spotlight.

"Okay, so I called him," Moey burst out as the Inspector fixed him with a long, steely look. "When we were in the rackets he did me a couple of turns. All I did was tell him she was dead. He's got reasons for not wanting to be mixed up with the police."

"He may or may not be guilty," Harrigan said. "Miss LaVerne was killed between the time she went upstairs after her fight with him and the discovery of her body. Anybody could have murdered her. The stage hands wander about the theater



Hot stuff! Charming Jean Cagney and Helmut Dantine were guests at party at the St. Regis, New York, after which anthracite engineers demonstrated how to properly tend a hard coal burning furnace, and how to get the most heat from the least coal.

at will. The door man, the candy butcher, the prop man who sealed the door, only it turns out the murderer had time to strangle LaVerne, break Jake's seal and replace it with one of his own before the body was found. Then there was the stage manager who was angry. Even the fly man." Harrigan fixed his eyes on the Hermit. "He makes no secret of his dislike of burlesque performers. And," he turned to the doorman, "you don't like burlesque performers either, do you, Stachi?"

"They're not the most easy in the world to get along with," the doorman admitted, but the violence was gone from his voice now. It sounded guarded.

"Mr. Wong had only to cross the roof." The inspector gave the waiter a long look. "And oh, yes, Miss Nirvena—"

"I am the Princess Nirvena!" she corrected him haughtily. "And I was in my dressing room until I heard the excitement."

"Is that all?" Dolly taunted. "Ask her about Toledo! LaVerne was always making cracks about Toledo!"

"I told her I nevaire worked in Toledo," the Princess turned to Mr. Foss. "Is it not the truth?"

For just a moment he hesitated. It made Dixie wonder. "Yes," he said in a low voice. "She never worked in my Toledo theater."

Dolly shouldn't have spoken. She knew that when the Princess brought up the question of her fight with Lolita. Then Dixie felt as if her brain had been caught in a revolving door when the investigation was brought back to her again. The wax used to seal the door the second time had come from the wax on the box the waiter had given her.

"Listen!" Biff spoke up suddenly. "You can't think this girl committed murder. Look at her sitting there, beautiful, defenseless. Furthermore she wasn't out of my sight all evening."

"That's a silly lie," Russell snickered. "She's admitted she was alone in the dressing room."

"Talking about lies," Biff wheeled on him, "give yourself top billing. You didn't mention that you told us guys this afternoon you'd kill Lolita rather than see her stay mixed up with Louie!"

"Perhaps I felt like killing her," Russell admitted, "but I loved her too much to really want to kill her. I wanted to marry her."

Dolly gasped at that and the Inspector's eyes challenged her.

"Isn't there something you want to say?" he asked. Then as she shuddered he turned to the others. "Don't you want to tell it was impossible for Rogers to marry Lolita since he is already married to you?"

"We didn't want it known because Foss doesn't like to hire married couples," Dolly sobbed.

"Cry, go ahead and cry!" Russell turned on her viciously. He took off the scarf he was wearing. "Look at these marks! She did that a week ago when I told her I was leaving her!"

"Please!" the Inspector said. He took the note a policeman just coming in handed him and his face sharpened. "This is the coroner's preliminary report," he said. "Lolita LaVerne was *poisoned*! She would have died in three minutes if the strangler hadn't intervened. Was the murderer so impatient he couldn't wait for his poison to work? Or," he threw a glance at the whole company, "are there two murderers in the old Opera House?"

He gave orders then that no one was to leave until further notice and the company broke up in little excited groups. Dixie felt someone take her hand. It was Biff. She didn't protest even when he led her upstairs and took her into the dressing room.

Drawn by a terrible fascination her eyes stared at Lolita's dressing table and then



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she had all she could do to stifle her scream. The picture of Lolita's mother was gone! Only then did she see Biff jump down to the roof below and come back with something in his hand.

"Lolita's G-string," Biff said, showing it to her. "I threw it out on the roof. Listen, Dix," he gripped her shoulders, "I found the thing in my pocket. Someone slipped it there but I didn't think they'd believe that so I worked my way over to the window and threw it out. But I've got to tell them now. It's the murder weapon, and they're bearing down on you."

She felt his arms around her, and it was different than his kiss had been on the stage. She felt so safe in Biff's arms. It made all the years when she hadn't known him seem wasted. Then the door opened and it was spoiled as Dolly came in. And it was queer how the first thing she noticed too was that the picture was gone and the way Biff stared at the empty place on the dressing table.

Dixie didn't look like a girl who might be mixed up in a murder case any minute as she went downstairs. Her heart was singing until that awful moment when the policeman came in holding Biff by the arm and told the Inspector he'd found him trying to stuff the missing G-string down a drain pipe. So Biff hadn't been really thinking about her after all. He'd just been trying to make time with her. Even when he tried to make it look like a joke, Dixie wasn't appeased.

"You weren't using that drain pipe for a May-pole," she said furiously.

"Oh, well, maybe that little kiss was worth it," he flashed his most winning Irish smile. "Maybe the electric chair would be worth it too," he said, "if—"

"Maybe you'll get a try," the policeman pulled him away. "Come on!"

"Goodbye, Dixie," he said.

But she wasn't going to be taken in again. "So long, comic," she said.

But it was funny how she couldn't get to sleep that night thinking of Biff in the station house, even though she kept trying

to tell herself that she was still mad at him.

Stachi gave her a surprised look as she came in the stage door the next day. "You look thoughtful, Miss Dixie," he said. "I'm not surprised. Every day gets more and more troubled around the old Opera House."

"Not like the old days, hmmm?" Dixie said, automatically reaching for a letter in her mail box. Her twisted smile came as she read it. "Another one from the old gee in row three." She tore the note up. "Is that a new wrinkle, Stachi?"

"In the old days the prima donnas would get notes in dozens of roses," he said proudly. "And when the performance was over the wealthiest men in the city would be waiting in evening clothes and carriages. I was a baritone," he said impressively, his arm raised proudly as he pointed to the picture of himself on the wall back of his chair.

Dixie looked at him fascinated, at his operatic pose, his slender hand gesturing.

"And you lost your voice?" she asked thoughtfully.

"So I took up smoking a pipe and sitting here," he shrugged philosophically. "We were no better than you people for saving money."

Only a familiar voice back of her made her take her fascinated eyes off the door-man.

"Home!" Biff said, as she turned striking a theatrical pose. "After twenty years in prison, framed by the villain! Ah, the light in the doorway, the faithful caretaker, the little woman waiting!"

"You're behind in your literature." She looked at the faded copy of the Police Gazette sticking out of his pocket and made a face as she saw the date. "It's thirty-five years old."

"You ain't whistling it's literature," Biff grinned. "I found out more about burlesque in one night than—"

"How come you are here?" Dixie cut his spiel short.

"New evidence," he said. "They let me go. They found Louie's car right around



Fay Bainter and Mickey Rooney, who were teamed as mother and son in "Young Tom Edison," are once again cast in those rôles in the new M-G-M picture, "The Human Comedy."

the corner from the theater and they found Lolita's bank book in her apartment. Yesterday she took ten thousand smackers out of the bank. Where did that money go to?"

"Maybe down the drain pipe with the rest of the evidence." Dixie gave it to him straight but he only kept on grinning.

"Aren't you a teeny-weeny bit glad to see me back?"

"No!" she said flatly.

"O.K." Biff wasn't to be daunted. "You'll see me in a minute. We're on next! You and me and the old gazeeka box!"

It would have to be like that, just when she wanted to be so formal and cool toward him. She never had liked the routine of the gazeeka box anyway. That act was so old its disappearing lady should have been pensioned off and the box looked enough like a coffin to have been decently buried long ago. Only that matinee the old old gazeeka box had a new twist. A gruesome new twist. And when Biff lifted down the front panel Dixie screamed. For it wasn't empty. Something rolled out of it, something that had once been human.

It was the dead body of the Princess Nirvena! And a jeweled G-string flopped grotesquely behind her left ear. She too had been strangled by her own G-string!

Sammy shouted and the curtain went down with a bang. Then as everybody rushed on the stage Dixie saw a shadow in the wings running to the stage door. It was Louie the Grin and he had a revolver in his hand. Stachi barred his way and Louie fired once but the gun was empty. He turned then, rushing desperately to the Hermit's iron ladder and began climbing up to the flies, his distorted face mocking them as he reached the cat walk up close to the ceiling.

"I didn't kill her!" he shouted. "Don't think you're going to get me for it, coppers."



Mickey Rooney heads the stellar cast which includes Frank Morgan, James Craig, Marsha Hunt, Miss Bainter in "The Human Comedy," the William Saroyan story which revolves around a messenger boy, played by Mickey.

He jumped, and the sound of his crashing body was blotted out by the screams from the stage.

"He picked his way out of it," the Inspector said. "I guess we can cross out one of our question marks."

"Or hang one more on our collection," Dixie said. "Put it down to woman's intuition, but I'm feeling a chunk of it. Why should he kill the Princess?"

It was almost as if fate was proving she was right when a policeman came in with a small battered lunch-box everyone recognized as belonging to Jake the property man. Then as everyone watched fascinated, the Inspector opened it and took out the torn fragments of the picture of Lolita's mother.

"I found it, honest, I did," Jake cried wildly. Suddenly he pointed an accusing finger at Russell. "He didn't say nothing about knowing the Princess. Ask him why he took her to a hotel last night, why—"

Russell broke then, telling more than he meant to as he protested his innocence of the more serious charge of murder. He had taken Lolita's G-string because she usually kept her money hidden under its fringe and she had promised him ten thousand dollars to produce a play. But when he looked for it there was no money there.

"You took that money after you killed her!" the Inspector said.

"Stop it!" Russell almost screamed. "The Princess gave me the money later. I—I heard her kill Lolita. I heard them talking through the ventilator. Lolita knew Foss and the Princess had been sweethearts in Toledo and that the Princess was blackmailing Foss, for he didn't want his wife and kids to know even if it had happened a long time ago. Lolita wanted her share of the Princess' racket and threatened to tell Foss' wife herself. Nirvena pretended she didn't mind paying off, that there was

"HAS GOD FAILED?"

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enough for both of them. She suggested they drink to it and I heard Lolita gag and I rushed up as the Princess was coming down. But she must have heard something for she ducked back and I saw her open the door to the dressing room. Don't you see that's why she had to be killed? She saw someone strangling Lolita!"

Of course he was arrested after that. It was a relief to most of them. But not to Dixie. Russell's hands weren't long and thin and she couldn't get the picture of the strangler's hands out of her mind.

Gee Gee was the only one she took into her confidence. She had a plan to catch the murderer herself. She knew he would come for she was more than certain he knew she had spotted him, that she had given her knowledge away the first time she really became conscious of his hands.

Putting Gee Gee on guard under the stairs so she could call the police still guarding the theater at the murderer's approach, she went up to the dressing room alone and, dragging out the old dress-making figure the girls used when they were making their costumes, she rigged it up in her own cloths as bait for the murderer. But Dixie made one mistake. She hadn't counted on the possibility of him being already hidden in the dressing room when she got there.

It was only when the curtain covering the long built-in wardrobe rack moved and she saw the long, thin hands slowly parting them that she realized her danger. She tried to scream but no sound came as she saw her own G-string dangling from the long fingers.

"You can't even scream," the murderer mocked her. "Your throat is tight, your tongue is dry. On one finger I hold the costume of a lovely lady, so small, so dangerous. It was only a few seconds for Lolita, a little longer for the Princess, but then she wasn't half dead already. And now the time has come for another lovely lady of burlesque, the loveliest of all." His voice thickened as he came closer. "I've wanted to kill every woman on that stage, to close the old Opera House, see it gone forever as its glory is gone. You'll never leave it now. You aren't afraid of ghosts, lovely lady of burlesque. You'll be one!"

Suddenly he threw the glittering rhinestone string around her neck, then as she tried to fight him off there was the crash of the window breaking behind her and the murderer was knocked down by the man who catapulted through the broken glass followed by the policeman who pinioned the mad man's arms behind him.

"Biff!" Dixie found her voice as she clung to him. "Oh Biff, darling!"

"Remember a little misunderstanding about a G-string and a drain pipe?" he grinned. "I did it deliberately to be locked up. I had a hunch about a dame's picture that looked familiar and I had another hunch I'd find something if I could lay my hands on a Police Gazette dating far enough back. Well, where could I find that but in a police station? And I was right. I found the picture of LaVerne's mother. And her name, too. That was the key to everything."

Dixie was too happy to ask questions. There'd be time for that afterwards, all those long evenings when she and Biff would be together always. Maybe after they'd been married a while it would be fun to mull over the adventures in the old Opera House. But she didn't want to talk now. She only wanted to stay there forever, held in the warm circle of Biff's arms.



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Don't Depend On Glamor!

Continued from page 35

She was furious that he had found her without any make-up on—though I'm sure it didn't matter the least bit to him—and started a quarrel that may never be patched up."

From a press agent who accompanied her on her recent bond tour I gathered that Veronica had been "caught out" many times herself, but bore up splendidly. There was the morning she arrived in Detroit at 10 A.M. She had overslept on the train, and when she found herself in the station she pushed her hair under a hat, gave a quick jab to her lips with a lipstick, and made a little prayer that she could get to the hotel before anyone saw her. But no—there at the station were photographers, newspaper reporters, and a committee of big shots and their wives. They escorted her en masse to the hotel. The average glamor girl from Hollywood would have made a wild dash for the bedroom, spent an hour glamorizing herself while the guests sat around in bored groups in the sitting room, and finally emerged in a ravishing tea gown, and with every curl in place. But not Veronica. She sat right down on the sitting room couch, pulled off her hat and let her hair tumble down, and kicked off her slippers. The big shots and their wives thawed out like Baked Alaska in the sunshine. When a photographer said, "May we take pictures, Miss Lake?" Veronica casually replied, "Certainly, if you don't mind how I look." The press, accustomed to wait hours for the glamorous ones from Hollywood to make an entrance and strike a pose, were so delighted with Miss Veronica that they gave her more space than any star has ever received in that city.

"Glamor," continued Veronica, "is so depressingly artificial. If you depend on glamor you eventually become cold, brittle and artificial yourself. And the atmosphere around you takes on all those unnatural qualities. Have you ever noticed the restraint that comes over a room when a professional beauty enters? Men have always been fascinated, momentarily, by professional beauties, it's a hangover from Helen of Troy days I suppose, but they recover from their fascination very quickly. A pretty, vacant face is easy on a fellow's eyes, but

awfully hard on his ego. All women know that men like to talk about themselves. What chance has a man got with a dame who is busy making up her face all the time he is relating his best adventures in finance, or else monopolizing the conversation telling him how wonderful she is! If you want to be popular with men, if you want lots and lots of dates, it's much better to be a human being than a model.

"People always react unfavorably to artificiality. A hostess, whether she lives in Washington with three secretaries, or in a small town with a party line, never wants a guest at her dinners who just sits and looks lovely and fragile like an orchid in a florist's window. Such a guest can flatten out a dinner party quicker than a steam roller. When a hostess makes out her list she thinks of women who are gay and witty and intelligent, the ones who are noted for their brains and ability, and not their glamor and uselessness. Dorothy Thompson, Mrs. Roosevelt, Lilian Hellman, Helen Hayes are certainly not glamorous, but any hostess in the United States would be glad to have them come to dinner. And believe me, most men would rather have Fannie Brice on their right than Miss America.

"It's very boring trying to live up to glamor," Veronica continued. "Naturally you develop the Narcissus complex, and since the only person you're interested in is yourself you soon find that you have no friends. You can't think because thinking might give you a wrinkle. You can't read because reading might give you crowsfeet. You can't play tennis, golf, swim, ride, because sports might give you muscles. Life becomes just one long beauty salon. Boring, isn't it!

"Early in my Hollywood career I had an object lesson tossed my way. A very big and important star, a topnotch glamor girl, invited me to lunch at her home one day. 'Come in slacks, dear,' she said, 'there'll only be the two of us and we can gossip our heads off.' I might as well confess I like to tear into a bit of tasty gossip occasionally, so I was looking forward to the luncheon. But hardly had we started on the soup than her pet photographer from the studio arrived with her latest portrait sit-



Wanda McKay and Rick Vallin play the young lovers in "Corregidor," screen drama of the Philipines which stars Elissa Landi, Donald Woods, Otto Kruger.

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ting. 'They're beautiful,' he exclaimed ecstatically, 'just as beautiful as you are!' She is not one to deny she is beautiful. There were about thirty or forty pictures, and not only did we admire them once, but two, three and even four times! We discussed each and every one of them as if it were as important as the Bill of Rights! I was so fed up with glamor by the time the luncheon was over that I craved fresh air, something sordid and soothing like a bus ride. 'Don't go,' she said as I put on my coat, 'I have a real treat for you at three. A girl from Adrian's is going to bring over all the exciting dresses I wear in my next picture. They're a dream. You must stay and see me have a fitting.' I suddenly remembered, however, that I had promised to take my mother to the dentist that afternoon, what a pity I couldn't stay. I may say I did a neat bit of acting. But my 'audience' wasn't even watching. She was looking at herself in the mirror.

"Furthermore," Veronica continued, "if you rely on glamor exclusively it will antagonize other women. Nothing antagonizes them quite so quickly. I believe, though I know a lot of my sex heartily disagree with me, that one of the most important things in life is to make women like you. You can get farther with men, believe me, if women like you. If it's business, for instance, if you're trying to get a job in a Big Man's advertising agency, you stand a much better chance of landing the job if the Big Man's wife happens to like you too. If you're all wrapped up to your plucked eyebrows in glamor, Big Man's wife is going to be highly suspicious. And she'll see to it that you don't get the job. If it's l'amour, for instance, you stand a much better chance of landing a proposal if your young man's mother, or sister, or his other girl friends, happen to like you. No mother wants to see her son falling in love with a page from a fashion magazine. Men, the world over, have a way of believing what women tell them. If you want to get places in business, and in love, *don't* antagonize women."

When Veronica was in Washington on her recent bond tour, so the press agent told me, the newspaper gang there were invited to a big cocktail party in her honor. When Veronica arrived, looking like a movie star, the press agent heard a bunch of newspaper gals sneer, "Just another bird-brain glamor girl." Veronica, instead of making a dive for the men present, as most girls would do, trotted right over to the sneering gals—and soon they were as palsy as all get out.

When she was in Miami she met again a certain man who had been quite rude to her on her first visit there. Veronica had every right to cut him dead. But she didn't. At the end of her personal appearance she took off her orchid corsage, handed it to the man, and sweetly said, "Please take these home to your very attractive wife." He immediately became an ardent Lake fan.

Veronica's husband, Lieutenant Detlie, is stationed in Seattle, and between pictures Veronica, and her cute two-year-old baby, live there with him in a small unpretentious bungalow. Naturally when the officers' wives learned that Veronica Lake, the movie star, was going to join them they definitely determined not to like her. She would be snooty. She would be rich. She would be conceited. She would be glamorous. But Veronica arrived in Seattle, not as a movie star, but as an officer's wife. In no time at all she had won over the other wives. It was canning time and she asked them for recipes. She started a vegetable garden and asked their advice about planting. Her dinner parties were just like their dinner parties. She made no bones about having to do her own housework. Her clothes were no better than their clothes.

Seattle has yet to see Mrs. Detlie with her hair over one eye. Except in the cinema, of course.

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Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 11

Coffee rationing being what it is, and the younger set not caring for it particularly, Virginia serves fruit punch, platters heaped with sandwiches, chocolate cake and popcorn balls, made by combining popped corn with honey.

FRUIT PUNCH

- 6 oranges
- 2 lemons
- 1 pint grape juice
- ½ can crushed pineapple and juice
- 1 bottle marachino cherries and juice

To this mixture add sugar to taste. It should require very little. Just before serving, add one bottle of ginger ale. Do not add this earlier, as it will lose its bubbly quality.

"Virginia's favorite sandwiches are made with cheese, grated and mixed with Worcestershire sauce and cream," Virginia's mother told me. "But there are always a variety of fillings. Pabstette cheese with the Worcestershire and cream is good. Cucumbers sliced thin and soaked in salt water, lightly dried and crisped in the refrigerator, put between slices of bread spread with mayonnaise. We use mayonnaise instead of butter, and find it excellent.

"Watercress sandwiches are a *must*, the bread spread with mayonnaise.

"Now that it's hard to get meat, we serve chicken, minced up with olives as another sandwich filling. Chicken livers or calves' livers, boiled and put through a sieve, mixed with mayonnaise and onion juice and seasoned make a tasty spread.

"Peanut butter and jelly make good sweet sandwiches."

Virginia doesn't eat cake, but her guests welcome a special chocolate cake concocted in the Weidler kitchen.

CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

- ⅓ cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 cup milk
- 1¾ cups flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, beating well; add beaten egg, one-half the milk and mix well; add one-half the flour which has been sifted with salt and baking powder; add remainder of milk, then remainder of flour and flavoring; beat after each addition. Bake in greased layer cake tins in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Spread the following between layers and on top and sides of cake:

FROSTING

- 3 cups confectioners' sugar
- Boiling water,
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 ounces unsweetened chocolate
- ½ teaspoon grated orange peel

To sugar add boiling water slowly to make a smooth paste; add vanilla, melted chocolate and orange peel.

An icing Virginia likes to serve because it looks so pretty is Fresh Strawberry Icing, made by crushing ten large berries with a little sugar and a few drops of lemon juice. Let this stand until juicy, then mix in gradually three cups of confectioners' sugar and spread between layers and on top of cake.

"You have to save up sugar coupons for this," she advised.

Why I Am Happy In Free America

Continued from page 30

ceives his final citizenship papers, but in the meantime he knows more about the American way, and certainly more about the American countryside, than many of us who had the privilege of being born here. "Anyone," says Paul, "would be a fool not to love America."

When Paul arrived in New York he promptly developed two mad crushes, both of them American: (1) drugstores and (2) people. The play he had come over to do, "The Jersey Lily," with Katharine Cornell, was abruptly called off, and the Henreids found themselves very low in cash. "A couple of good meals at 21 or the Colony and Mrs. Henreid and I would have had to sleep on a park bench," said Paul. "It was then I discovered the American drugstore. There were no drugstores in London or Vienna, or any Continental city I had visited. It was like finding a gold mine. For twenty-five cents, or fifty cents at the most, I could get all I wanted to eat, deliciously cooked. I had never heard of tuna fish sandwiches, chocolate malteds, half and halves, tomato surprises, ham and eggs. I immediately introduced Mrs. Henreid to the corner drugstore, and the thirty-five cent special, and she shared my enthusiasm. Believe me, I have eaten much better cooked food in New York drugstores—and certainly tasted much better coffee—than I have in many of the glamorous and famous restaurants in Europe.

"There were many set-backs during those first few months in New York, and quite a few desperate moments, and I am sure we would have been disheartened if it hadn't been for the American people. Americans are the most generous, the most friendly people in the world. They bend over backwards to give every foreigner a fair chance. Everybody who has ever come from the other side has been given every break possible by the Americans. Unfortunately, some foreigners have groused. It's only human nature, I suppose, to forget the bad and remember the good. They recall their brilliant success in 'Romeo and Juliet'—but they forget all the discouraging and humiliating things that happened before, and after, 'Romeo and Juliet.' But most foreigners, I feel, are like myself, I remember only too vividly the bad of the Old World.

"Soon after Mrs. Henreid and I arrived in New York Helen Hayes invited us to spend a week-end with her and her family at her charming home in Nyack. Guthrie McClintic boosted my morale when it was pretty low. Sam Wood was a great help during those first trying weeks. And it was Gilbert Miller, a very busy man, who made it possible for Mrs. Henreid and me to come to America, under wartime restrictions. Americans are a warm-hearted, happy people. You have no idea what joy it is to become an American.

"I would like to tell you about Mrs. Hen-

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Beauty in repose. Lovely Anna Lee, as she appears in "Hangmen Also Die," United Artists' screen drama of underground patriots, fighting heroically against Nazi tyranny.

reid's nurse. She's a dear old soul, and well along in years. Her name is Mrs. Luchie Pischler, and she thinks the sun rises and sets on Mrs. Henreid. She went with us to London in 1935, and when we came to America she followed us as soon as she could get a quota number. We were living in Hollywood by then, but we had cabled her the address of a lawyer in New York who had promised me that he would look after her while she was there, and see to it that she caught the right train to the Coast. She came over on a Greek merchant boat—she told us later she scrubbed the entire ship, and all the sailors besides—and landed in Canada. She arrived in New York, unfortunately, on a Sunday. When the cab driver drove her to the address we had sent her he found an office building closed up tight. 'Well, lady,' he said solicitously, 'you just can't sit here on the curb until morning. Especially since you can't talk English. And I don't guess you got enough money to go to a hotel. Tell you what. I ain't very busy. I'll find the guy's home address for you and take you there.' And he did. Though it took him all afternoon, and he only charged her for the original ride. Only in America could that happen! 'Nana, I hope you tipped him generously,' I said when she told me the story. 'Yah,' she said. 'I give him piece of green paper. He say thank you lady.'

"When she reached Los Angeles Mrs. Henreid and I were at the station to meet her. When the dear old soul got off the train and saw us her eyes filled with tears. But before she could rush into Mrs. Henreid's arms she turned to the colored porter and gave him a big Viennese hug. 'He was so kind to me,' she said.

"We have a colored girl from Texas who helps Nana with the housework. They worship each other. The colored girl now speaks Austrian to us, and Nana speaks English, with a most decided Southern accent.

"A few months ago we brought my parents-in-law to America. They had to come by way of South America. They have a little home in Santa Monica, near the Pacific Ocean, and they are just as enthusiastic about America and California as we are.

"The people you meet in the theater and

in the studios in America are much nicer than the ones you meet in Europe. The people here have a personal freedom that always makes for kindness. If I invited a stagehand, for example, to my home in Europe he would be envious because I belonged to an upper class, because my clothes were better than his, and I had a car and he hadn't. I would go overboard trying to be gracious, and everything would be phony and un-relaxed. But if I invite a stage hand to my home in California—ah, that is different. There is no feeling of class distinction. And certainly no feeling of envy. His clothes are as good as mine, his car is a newer model, and he is just as pleased with his own home as I am with mine. We can be pals together, and relax in this glorious California sunshine.

"I will never forget my first day in a Hollywood studio. I was feeling a little like an outsider. Then the stage manager called me Paul. I had never been called by my first name in Europe. I liked it. I felt very American suddenly, and called him Joe, right back. I love the liberties of America—the big ones, like casting a vote for a President every four years, and the little ones too, like calling a fellow Joe.

"Of course you know that America tops every place in sheer beauty. Some of the happiest times of my life have been spent in that grand American pastime—sight-seeing. When I signed my Hollywood contract in New York Mrs. Henreid and I thought we would splurge a bit, so we bought a car and drove to the Coast. Not the short cut, but the round-about way. We stopped off at unbelievably beautiful Bryce Canyon, Zion National Park, Yosemite, Grand Canyon and the Painted Desert. We fell in love with Santa Fe, New Mexico, and stayed there several weeks. When I was a little boy in Vienna I used to go to the American moving pictures every chance I had, and like all little boys I was thrilled to the core by Indians. Well, in Santa Fe, I met a lot of Indians. I rather pride myself on my Indian folk-lore.

"After I had finished 'Joan of Paris' I went on a bond tour all over the South—a part of America I had always wanted espe-

cially to see. Southern hospitality I had heard about all over Europe, and I must say the South lived up to its publicity. No place have I ever been more cordially received. When I told Nana about Southern fried chicken she quickly added it to her culinary accomplishments.

"One reason I am grinning from ear to ear today is because I have just bought my first American home. And I am as pleased as punch. I feel now that I have roots in the American soil, and it is a wonderful feeling. I am a property owner. I am a taxpayer. I belong here.

"Mrs. Henreid wanted to buy a home the first week we were in California. 'That is it,' she said, 'this is where we want to live for the rest of our lives.' But I told her that strange and unexpected things can happen in the moving picture business, and she'd better wait. We rented a small house, first in Westwood, and then in Brentwood. After 'Now, Voyager' and 'Casablanca' were released, and well received by the public, I told her to go ahead and look around, but nothing expensive, please. She would come back with the most glowing accounts of buttons that you push, a button for heat, another for cold air, one for music, for loudspeakers, for the incinerator—you don't find any buttons in Europe, believe me.

"One Sunday we were lunching with friends in Brentwood when Henry Fonda's attractive wife said to Mrs. Henreid, 'I hear from my gardener that you are looking for a house. Why don't you come down and look at mine?'

"We can't afford it, I told Mrs. Henreid, but we can look. Frances Fonda has exquisite taste, and it is beautifully reflected in her home. Everything was perfect. I fell in love with the magnificent old trees that surround the house, especially a tremendous Christmas tree on the front lawn. In peace times, Henry used to decorate the tree for the children and it was a beautiful sight. Well, we couldn't resist the Fonda house. We bought it. Can you imagine anyone in Europe buying a home these days? Can you imagine anyone having that much personal freedom? I am very lucky to live in free America. Needless to say I am very happy."



Anna Lee, who plays Brian Donlevy's heart interest in "Hangmen Also Die," doesn't have to tell him what's in her heart because Donlevy, who has the rôle of a doctor, is able to detect it for himself with a stethoscope.



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WAAC OFFICER . . . TYPE: Height, 5' 7";
weight, 129; eyes, blue; hair, honey-blonde;
SKIN, fine-textured, tending to be DRY.

"I have precious little time to fuss with my face these days. Yet I know my skin has never been lovelier.

"Goodness knows my new routine is simple enough. Just gentle Ivory lather, a soft washcloth, and lukewarm water. Then I pat on a little cold cream, for my skin is naturally dry.

"It's sensitive, too. That's why I love pure, mild Ivory. It obviously contains no coloring or medication or strong perfume that might irritate my skin.

"'Velvet-suds' Ivory certainly has helped give me a glorious new complexion!"



HAT DESIGNER . . . TYPE: Height, 5' 5";
weight, 118; eyes, gray-green; hair, titian;
SKIN, creamy, with both DRY
and OILY tendencies.

"My face is oily down the middle; dry on the sides. No soap seemed right for both areas . . . until I tried Ivory.

"The dry, sensitive areas that used to balk at strongly scented soaps, respond beautifully to Ivory's 'babying.'

"And with lots of mild Ivory lather, I can safely concentrate on the oilier areas like hairline, forehead, nose, and chin.

"Now my complexion looks so marvelously fresh and smooth.

"I think too many women judge a soap by its price. For my money, Ivory could be worth a dollar a cake!"

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HOMEMAKER . . .

TYPE: Height, 5' 3";
weight, 112; eyes, brown;
hair, chestnut;
SKIN, olive, tending to be OILY.

"I was afraid to give my oily skin vigorous soap-and-water cleansing.

"But when Doctor advised Ivory Soap for bathing the baby, I thought, 'If Ivory's that mild, I'll try it!'

"It's perfect! A fingertip massage with lots of Ivory's safe, mild lather makes me feel as if I'd had a facial.

"I don't hesitate to give my face a thorough Ivory cleansing as often as 3 times a day. And my complexion's getting lovelier all the time!"



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